

THE  
NATIONAL  
MAGAZINE  
ABOUT  
MEN

PDC 59 562-0

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER  
VOLUME IX/\$2.00

# blueboy

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AND THE MEN WHO MAKE THEM

ARNOLD  
SCHWARZENEGGER:  
THE PERFECT BODY

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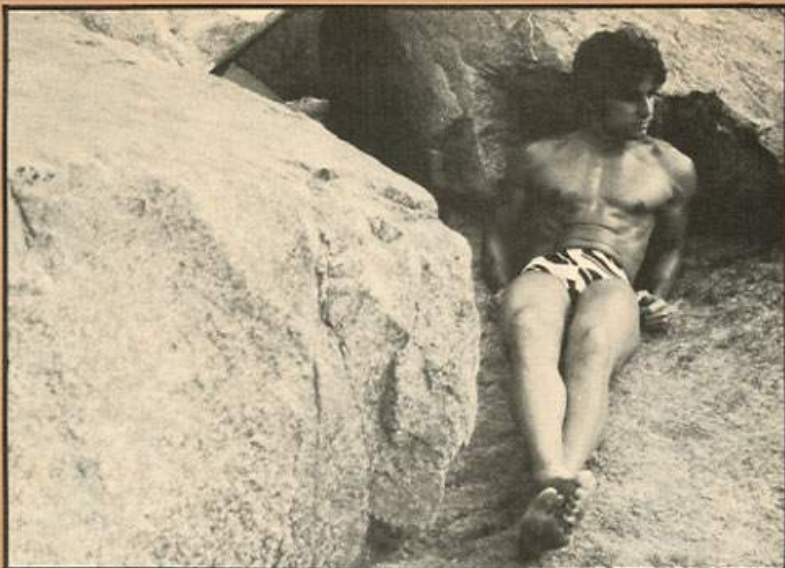
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ENVIRONMENTS



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# MAILMAN

## DOING IT ON THE ROAD

I recently brought a hitchhiker home because he had nowhere to go at 3 A.M. I soon found out he was on the make when he asked if he could go down on me while I drove. Since he made me hot with his white cut-offs and his cock laying alongside his leg already, I said "sure." He took all 11½" of my hot cock down into his throat. He worked on me for about 45 minutes before we drove into my driveway. Then I took him to my room where we spent 5 hours of non-stop kinky sex. I never dreamed that this gorgeous surfer type would ever dream of getting fist-fucked or eat my ass out that way. He fucked me then ate his cum out of my ass which sent me up the wall and naturally only prompted more heavy-duty action. I came 4 or 5 more times in that hour. He went on to add that he wanted to meet me again. He said that I reminded him of Gordon Grant from an article layout in your magazine. If this type of article inspires gay guys to find a fantasy mate after reading your magazine, I plan on leaving a copy on my seat when I pick up hitchhikers in the future!

G.G., Rochester, Michigan

## UP THE WALL

Can't tell you how much I enjoyed your latest issue. "Wet Sheets" was too much! Keep up printing pictures like that. With every issue I get, they get better! The one thing I really like is the fact that the fiction is good, the pictures artistically done — and they drive me up the wall. Again — thanks!

K.T., Cincinnati, Ohio

## OHIO ZANINESS

After reviewing the last issue of *Blueboy* — the July/August edition — and having read the item on your "Mailman" page headed "Our First Death Threat," I feel it important to express my complete disappointment in your efforts thus far! I certainly agree with "C.C." in Memphis — your magazine is humdrum. I'd even say dull! I highly doubt if your magazine were marketed at the local newsstand — instead of by

subscription — if it could survive. One or two issues would be all that those but the most desperate would endure. However, I must give your promotion dept. their just due, for if it hadn't been for their skillful, beautifully done brochures, I probably wouldn't be a subscriber — disappointed and writing this letter. Originally I subscribed to your magazine in the first place on the strength and quality of the photography and promotional materials sent to me. As for the written content of your magazine, it's just too "frothy," too flippant to be taken seriously — very, very dull. On a scale of one to ten I would rate your magazine's interest at about a "3." Now that your magazine is including more and more advertising, it will probably drop even lower. Who needs *Women's Wear Daily*? If I am interested in current men's fashion, I'll get *GQ*. Well, I only have another year and a half to go. I hope in that time I'll get at least one issue I can truthfully say was a good issue!

David E. Fink, Zanesville, Ohio

## BIGGER IS BETTER

Would you please use the stills of Tarzan (Les Barker) in *Tarzan and the She-Devil* in your magazine? Please use larger photos. Thank you.

A Reader, San Francisco, CA

## PUNK SEX

Why don't you guys ever write anything about all the sex that goes on in high schools? Once, at the end of a school day, I was in the john when Danny, a school hood, came in to smoke a cigarette. He caught my eye and as I was pissing, he came up from behind me and grabbed my cock. "Let go!" I shouted but his hold on me was quite strong. He backed me against a sink and slipped his sloppy wet tongue into my open mouth while caressing my bulging crotch. I struggled to get free but he knocked me to the ground and tied my hands to the pipe under the sink with my own belt. He undid my pants and actually ripped my underwear right off me. Feeling my hard prick, he laughed and jerked me off rapidly, his hand caressing my sweaty balls, then he moved his head down to my crotch and began eating my stiff rod.

Guiding my hips with his hands, he plunged my hard-on in and out of his warm, moist mouth, more and more intensely, and when I finally came, I watched him try to swallow it all and let it dribble out of his mouth. Then he stood up and said, "Now it's my turn." Slowly, almost teasingly he undid his belt and fly and his huge cock flipped out of his faded jeans. I licked my lips as he stripped naked but he knew exactly how he wanted to work it. First, he stuck his hot, damp ass into my face and I rimmed him with a passion I didn't know I had in me. He spread his cheeks with his hands and I lapped away, pushing my tongue up as far as it would go. "Lick me, lick me," he moaned as I slid my wet tongue down to lick his balls. Then he turned so I could get to work on his dong. He pumped it into my willing mouth, but then just as I was really getting into it, he moved around to my ass. He yanked my jeans down to my ankles and plunged his hot load into my crack. Plunging in and out of me, he panted like a hot collier, and when he finally did come, I felt his entire body stiffen, then collapse with relief and fatigue. I loved this experience, but the real pay-off was when he finally let me up and untied me. He grabbed me by my shirt and said, "You tell anyone about this and you're dead, ya get it?" Boy, did I ever! What I'm trying to say is, even though there's this much sex in high school, I hope that when I get to college, the techniques of meeting people become a bit more gentle. Danny never spoke to me in school after that, but I'll always remember the high school rape that turned into a beautiful sexual fantasy-come-true.

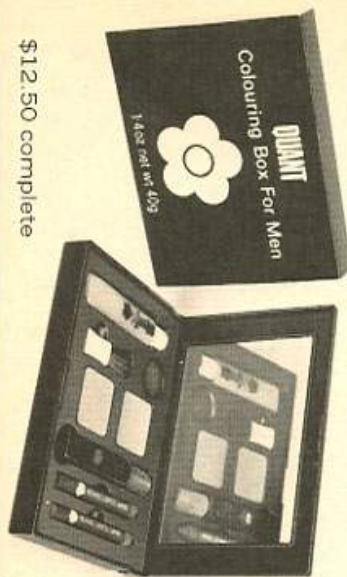
Mario M., New York City

## MINORITY RIGHTS

You of the sex-media may consider yourselves enlightened, but I've noticed you make only vague and occasional references to the sexual minority to which I belong. I know there are others like me, but then, I don't really care.

I've had sufficient amorous experience with other people of both sexes, but nothing comes close to the pleasure I am able to give myself. I can comfort my body with great facility; not only am I able to

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# MAILMAN

perform autofellatio, I can stretch further to rim myself into throes of ecstasy. Sessions of making love to my beautiful self are often climaxed by masturbating with my right hand, and fist fucking me with the left (I get it in up to the elbow). The one fantasy which I'm afraid I'll never fulfill is fucking myself with my own cock.

Before you put me down as being weird, think about it. I don't have to spend a lot of time in the bars, wondering if I'll meet me tonight. And whenever I make romantic overtures to myself, I'm always in the mood. Best of all, I have yet to lose an argument. For me, not only does love mean never having to say I'm sorry, I never have to say anything at all.

Narcisso, Garrison, N.Y.

prominent researchers, such as Drs. Margaret Mead and Paul Gebhard, Director of the Indiana (Kinsey) Sex Research Institute, on the value of Gay research and Gay researchers in the social sciences. Since that time, I have continued to give similar presentations designed to enlighten consciences and inform audiences. It works!

So Cade Ware's recognition of our efforts as educators and researchers is a major step in all of our behalves — especially because the work we involve ourselves with is of such consequence and longevity. Thanks again.

Donald Amador, Los Angeles, CA,

## JESUS FREAKS

BLUEBOY certainly went into the gutter to print the revolting, nauseating story entitled *A Kind of Love*. What a pity! By publishing only what is beautiful, attractive or romantic — with reasonable sensual appeal — BLUEBOY could not only become as financially successful as *Playgirl* but could also do much to remove the prejudices of the heterosexual majority. Please do not destroy this opportunity by including writings about child-molestation and other filth.

It seems to me that BLUEBOY could make an important contribution to the cause of homosexuality by publishing a scholarly article concerning the apparent homosexuality of Jesus Christ. Why did he never show the slightest sexual interest in women? Why do the scriptures repeatedly refer to the apostle John as the "disciple whom Jesus loved?" Why, at the so-called "last supper," was this young man singled out in the scriptures as the disciple who "lay on Jesus' breast?"

Recently, the governing bodies of several of the largest religious denominations have been debating the question of ordaining homosexuals as ministers. How ridiculous in the light of the evidence of homosexuality in the personality of Jesus Christ! Surely BLUEBOY could enlighten the public on this matter and on others that would promote public acceptance of homosexuality. Please keep out the hard-core pornography.

H.S., Washington, D.C.

## POSITIVE ACTION

First of all, you are all really terrific! Besides publishing the most beautiful, sophisticated and erotic magazine possible, you also manage to fill several of the needs of Gay men throughout the country. Thank you!

After just reading your latest issue (July/August), I would especially like to commend you on "View From The Hill," by Cade Ware, who documents several important and positive aspects of Gay progress. That alone is refreshing, but Ware indicates certain very important areas of achievement that are usually overlooked; believe me — I speak as an open, self-accepting Gay university professor/social scientist.

There is some fabulous research being done, and I am proud to say I have been a part of some of it. Besides three-years of research (from the insider's view) of the Los Angeles male Gay community, (toward my doctorate), I have also instituted the first accredited "Gay SubCulture" course at California State University/Los Angeles. Subsequently, that initial course led into Cal State's first Gay History course this Fall, to be taught by Sal Licata, along with my course resuming in the Winter Quarter.

So, we social scientists really are making quiet advances and setting precedents too. For example, in 1974, during the American Anthropological Association's first Gay Symposium in Mexico City, I spoke, along with several

# GAYS AND THE CHURCH

BY CLARKE TAYLOR

*"How am I supposed to know what my Creator thinks of me? The Church says that God thinks I am a monster, but throughout my whole life I've received the sacraments, done good and bad things, sinned and confessed. Even though my mind thinks that love is more important than just heterosexual or homosexual love, my soul and heart can never be at peace... But how is the Church going to know how I feel? A person or a group should experience the feeling of being a monster before judging it. If the Church came to its senses and stopped condemning, then so would the majority of society..."*

*Please don't make me feel I'll go straight to hell—at least send me to Purgatory so I'll have a chance to progress."*

This sad appeal for understanding, coming from the pen of a 16 year-old Roman Catholic reveals rejection and frustration on the part of a young man who has "come out" but who wishes to remain devout to the Church of his youth. It suggests as well the degree of self-worth measured by millions of gay men and women, circa 1964.

Today, at 28 and possibly alienated completely from his faith, this young man may spend his Saturday night in any number of sexual pursuits. He has come of age at a permissive time. He may take to the streets; he may boogie at a spaced-out disco; he may leather-up and

head for the waterfront. His sexuality has provided him with many options.

But on Sunday morning, options have opened up as well. He may still incur the spiritual wrath of Rome, but he can obtain counselling from a gay priest, or he may depart from his tradition by just a step, and join a gay Catholic church. He may even find a lover on Saturday night, knowing that he can bring him before an altar in "Holy Union;" he may enter a gay seminary. He has, in short, been cast to the comfortable side of Purgatory.

The young man's counterparts—Protestant, Jew, Greek Orthodox—enjoy a similar freedom. For the church, possibly the single most powerful force of oppression over gay persons historically, is beginning to "come to its senses." In so doing, it is discovering that its diminished heterosexual congregations are swelling with a flock hitherto cast out—far out—to pasture.

If the Gay Liberation Movement has made an impression on the national landscape, the Gay Church Movement has shaken the very foundation of its already-crumbling Judeo-Christian tradition. And if many gay people have not noticed, it is probably because they have come out on the assumption that in so doing they have been ostracized by their God—or at least by His disciples. It is as though a lesson had been learned from Sodom and Gomorrah, the very legend which has maintained the oppressive

bonds of the church, and gay people have feared looking back. No wonder. Leading to the gates of understanding there is a path of charred bodies.

The term "faggot" may well have issued from the Spanish Inquisition, when homosexuals—as heretics—were burned on a faggot (bundle of sticks). Tens of thousands of these "heretics" were burned during the Inquisition, but the roots of the religious taboo on homosexuality are far deeper.

Homosexuality had, of course, flourished throughout the ancient world, when there were no "homosexuals" as such, but only homosexual acts. There is no evidence that those partaking in same-sex love were set apart in these cultures, particularly in the Greek culture. And it is precisely because the Hellenists were so liberated that the original taboo was given birth; by the ancient Hebrews.

Orthodox Jews felt contaminated by Greek ideas and practices (liberal Jews embraced these customs and even removed scars of circumcision surgically to appear more Hellenistic!), although their taboo seems to extend to male homosexuality exclusively. This makes sense. Orthodox Jews have traditionally placed their women off to the side in worship, fearing that men might be distracted by a beautiful figure. Imagine the fears generated if a worshipper were to be distracted by a male figure!

The Christians carried forth the Jewish sexual code, and Paul carried its banner. Reared in the Jewish tradition of procreation, Paul also feared pagan (Greek and Roman) influence on his new church. Actually, Paul suggested that celibacy—not heterosexual marriage—was most in accord with God's will, but Christians have chosen to recall only a convenient portion of his reasoning.

Amsterdam, 1730. Under Calvinist influence, this was hardly the oasis for gay tourism that it is today. Over 200 men and boys were tried for sodomy; informers were paid handsomely. The lucky victims were banished or branded, but many others were executed, and even burned to prevent pollution, a practice advocated by Paul and by ancient Jewish prophets.

Through the 18th, 19th and 20th cen-

turies various degrees of tolerance have been entered in the books of our governmental bodies, but the Church is usually supreme in sexual matters. The executions ended (the Enlightenment having "civilized" European society), but the well of silence fell deep.

The ecclesiastical silence was broken—really for the first time—as late as 1954, when the Church of England laid its study of homosexuality, *The Wolfenden Report*, before Parliament, and urged repeal of its ancient laws against sodomy. This was the preamble for what has become a lengthy *American* document of social action from within the Church.

San Francisco, 1964. A retreat to discuss the homosexual and the churches was sponsored by a group of Methodists and social activists. Out of their talks came the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, the first actual step toward a movement within the church, and an organization which still exists as a clearing house and conference center. In addition to educating clergy, lay persons—both straight and gay—and opening the way for other such councils regionally, the Council has urged prestigious journals to publish articles concerning homosexuality. *Christian Century*, *Commonweal* and *Christianity and Crisis* have done so.

Los Angeles, 1968. A minister named Troy Perry gathered other Evangelicals in his living room and organized the first exclusively gay church, the Metropolitan Community Church. Twelve persons met. Today, some 26,000 gather in 95 such churches throughout seven countries.

New York, 1969. The now-famous Stonewall riots which gave birth to the gay political movement, also provided the spirit behind the religious movement. This is an important key to understanding what is going on between gays and their churches. Most gay churchmen are keenly aware of the politics which they know go hand-in-hand with his or her religious freedom. There are those in gay congregations who insist on preaching "the Word" only—just as there are among heterosexual congregations—but the religious movement itself is politically attuned.

Actually, there is no way to separate

# MAN'S IMAGE

## Introducing our magazines.

The big fella to the right is Gabe, a star college football quarterback. Maybe you've seen him on Saturday afternoons. In *The Physical Man*, you'll see him like he is when his straining jock comes off.

*The Physical Man*® is a big, breathtaking magazine with 16 pages in full color. It reveals that skin-diving superstud shown below. And more of Jeremy, your hairy-chested favorite.

*The Manhandlers*® is a for-real action magazine, smaller in format, but with every page in full color. It features that black-haired stallion below in a man-to-man encounter with his blond beachboy buddy (whom we had to crop out of the photo for the sake of modesty).

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church and state when dealing with the oppression of homosexuals, any more than you can separate the two when dealing with the feminist movement. The church is, after all, patriarchal, and while gay men seem to have broken down the dominance-submission structure of their relationships, straight men have not. It is no accident that Lesbians are at the forefront of the religious movement among gays.

Both the law and the psychology applied to gay people can be traced to religious myths which regard male-female sex as the norm. Marriage, for instance. The nuclear family is accepted, the extended family is not, and gay parents involved in custody disputes had better not depend on either the court or the church for support.

The church appears threatened by the idea that gay relationships might have the same potential for fulfillment as do straight ones, as though the covenant in a loveless marriage held meaning. But at the base of the argument, always, is procreation, presumably the only function of sexual relations. As one gay churchman put it: "Would the church maintain that certain sex acts are acceptable in the female-male relationship as long as the vagina and the penis are eventually united, but un-natural under any other circumstances? Are relationships to be judged by genital interaction?"

As the church goes, so goes society; it would seem an old-fashioned notion, but headlines this election year are bringing the church back to the society, and gays may be ahead of the rest of the country in making the connection. It is interesting to note Jimmy Carter's apparent zeal in behalf of gays, in spite of his fundamentalist teachings against sodomy. Mr. Carter may speak of separation of church and state, but in making the nod to a minority group's voting power while turning his back on the Biblical myths his church would perpetuate, he is himself making a connection.

Troy Perry made one early on: "Gay people are, for the most part, like any other people, except for the oppression. We have to shrug off that before things are really any better."

The Metropolitan Community Churches are considered "gay churches" by those who prefer to remain within the mainline denominations. Perry disagrees: "We're a Christian church, not a gay church. Our doctrine is not based on sexuality."

And one senses an uneasiness among gay churchmen. Perhaps this is based on the same sort of defenses one might find among heterosexual leaders representing differing denominations. But gay people, like the blacks involved in their struggle, have been known to mistreat one another. If the heterosexual world fails to corral the gay world for Armageddon, gays may well corral themselves. We're all familiar with the story.

Still, since 1969 there has been much co-ordinated effort, much progress. A Metropolitan Community Temple was founded by Los Angeles area Jews shortly after Perry's group formed. There are now many such gay congregations throughout the country. In New York, some 200 men conduct an Orthodox ritual at Beth Simchat-Torah, a Village loft-space. And on Fire Island, a Pines house is converted into B-Nai Olan (Sons of World) for high holidays. Tanned and slimmed, the beautiful young Island men are joined by heterosexual couples from boats harbor-side.

And there have been a succession of breakthroughs.

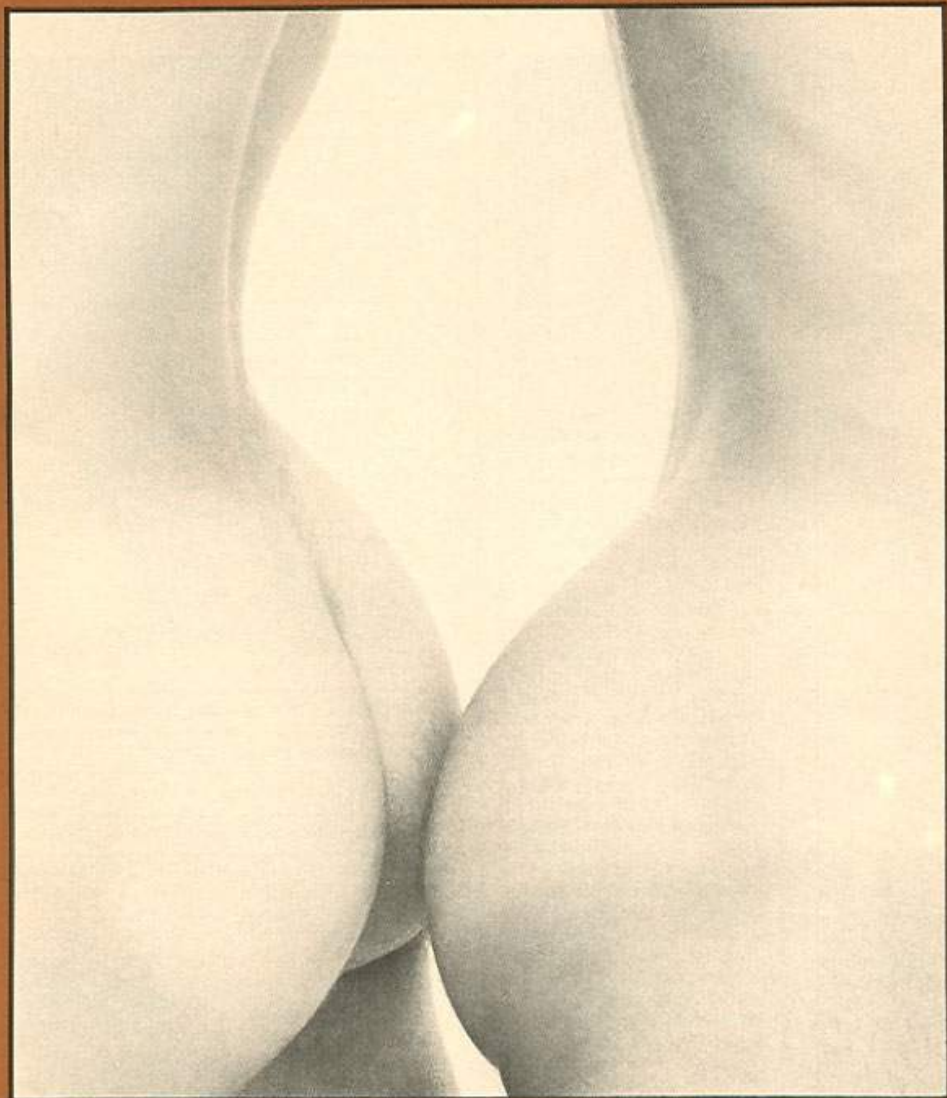
- Unitarians started the first of many Gay Caucuses, operating within the church structure; carrying on dialogue with the governing bodies, publishing a newsletter. Every major denomination now has such a Caucus.

- Rev. William Johnson became the first affirmed gay person to be ordained in the history of the Christian Church. A United Church of Christ minister, Rev. Johnson also wrote *Loving Women/Loving Men* (along with Sally Gearhart), a chronicle of the gay movement within the church to date. When Bill Johnson was ordained, four persons were in the UCC caucus; a year later, in 1974, there were 125, straight and gay.

- Quakers formed a Caucus, having already broken ground in 1963 with a pamphlet *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. As a

(Continued on page 93)

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BY Y. A. RAND



**PACEMAKER EVINS**

A dynamo, REED JAY EVINS comes from a shoe dynasty. He is the last in the line of the famous Evins who once made the most expensive and high style shoes for women in the U.S.A.

Born with a gold shoehorn and silk heel lodged in his mouth no doubt, Evins found his niche this year when he had the most innovative shoe show in New York. Showing his designs to the tune of expensive designer gowns, he had the mannequins running down a platform where the guests could only see from the knee down to the feet. BERNADINE MORRIS of *The New York Times* reported that the shoe industry was lucky to have such a fresh young talent.

Evins has as friends every designer on the map in New York. He has worked with all the men who dress middle and low and high America. He amuses them with his personality shoes: sketches of shoes custom designed to match the wearer's lifestyle. For this issue of *BLUEBOY*, he has designed shoes for our own Daniella Morera and for the world's Liz Taylor.

## LIZ TAILORED T-STRAP

*National velvet shirred T-strap from Halston*

*Diamante up the T-strap, gem festooned from all the husbands*

*Cleopatra Toe in 18 or 24 K gold*

*Eddie Fisher commemorative wedge*

*Oil well from Iran post*

*Oscar Award instep strap buckle*



## THE DANIELA MORERA PASTA COMPOTE RECIPE

*One spaghetti #9 wrapped wedge*

*One Chloe (get from Karl) stiff starched collar*

*One Raviolini zig-zagged at Stephen Burrows*

*Lots of Pomodoro, Neopolitan Paste, Pomodoro sole*





#### PACEMAKER KOLODZIE

Giving head to the most innovative ideas, RONALD KOLODZIE is an established Seventh Ave. designer who is now CHARLOTTE FORD'S right hand designer for her new company, CHARLOTTE FORD, Inc.

Charlotte Ford is of the Grosse Pointe Ford Motors clan. Her dresses won't be assembled like a four-door sedan with Kolodzie around.

Kolodzie also designs loungewear for both sexes. This year he gave a shock to the New York fashion people when he asked other designers to model his line. CLOVIS RUFFIN, SCOTT BARRIE, HALSTON'S special friend VICTOR HUGO, Blassport's THOM FALLON were just four of the "models." All of his sexy friends didn't hesitate to get vain and prance around to be viewed by the press. For Kolodzie, that's nothing. "I think the next thing is to have one's favorite fashion editors come in and model. Imagine how amusing and ironic that could get?"

Parachute jump jumpsuits in shiny synthetics, hard-core khaki surplus fatigue

dressings, sports and athletic uniforms, sophisticated late-day sequins and slink gowns are things Kolodzie started as trends before others even thought about them. As with most young designers, he was often made to prove too much before he gained due recognition. This year he gets his first Coty Award — fashion equivalent of the Oscar Awards — although it is long overdue.

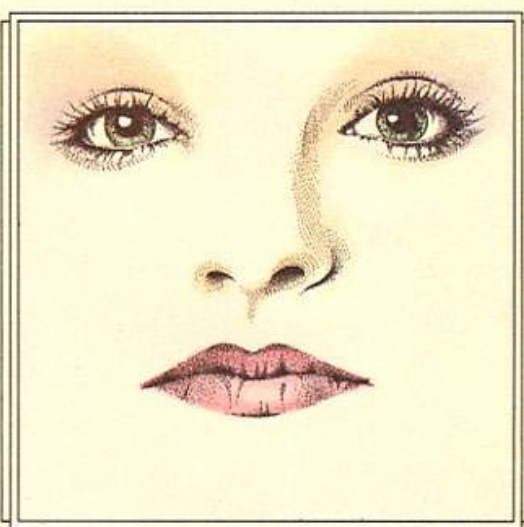
Despite the established success, Kolodzie is already on a new trip. His direction for his special clothes for friends may be very Nazi or SS oriented.

"I think the idea of *fascisti* sport is in the air. I wear my black jumpsuit out to dance and end up stripping it halfway down to the waist to show a shiny black T-shirt. Motorbike dressing is what the new wave will be."

#### PACEMAKER LOULOU

*Vogue* photographed her page after page after page at the age of 22. She was married once to an Irish count with a castle but tired quickly of the teatime lifestyle. Reporters are constantly chasing her trying to find out what makes her a social success and what makes her soulmate, Yves St. Laurent, tick. At 29, Loulou de la Falaise is a legend in her own time.

Born to the English manor with a silver spoon in her mouth, she spent most of her childhood with her grandmother. This grandmother fed her lobster thermidor and often would lock little Louise in a closet with rice powder on her face as a way of disciplining the fun-loving girl. Loulou is nasty. Loulou is



Loulou de la Falaise

fashion. Loulou is third-sex.

LOULOU DE LA FALAISE is one of the closest friends to ST. LAURENT who recently kicked the fashion world in the head with his PRINCESS MATHILDE ballgowns that cost anywhere from \$4,000 to \$10,000. LOULOU has in one moment inspired every creative fashion designer from SANT' ANGELO to STEPHEN BURROWS to America's Mr. Clean — HALSTON.

She is the ultimate fag moll. "There's nothing more fun than being with a fag," Mademoiselle de la Falaise told *Newsweek* magazine in an interview. Some of her best friends are ...

She is "unofficially married" to an architect said one fashion newspaper, whose name is Richard Bonfils.

"I adore the mentality of third sex. Yes, I think everyone is very feminine and masculine but they don't

know sometimes. I feel very boyish one day and then I put on a soft ruffled noisy taffeta dress and I am very fragile. What difference does it make to anyone. If I have a butch hair cut and wear a suit that's a little man-like. It shouldn't be a crisis."

Loulou has many legends. One is that when she is wearing her three yards of pearls she will go to bed without taking them off. "She makes love in them and the pearls are decadent but they leave a print on your body," said one of her former beaux who insists on remaining unnamed. "Watch Loulou become the new Coco Chanel," said *The New York Post's* Eugenia Sheppard in a recent interview with her. She is the girl who has almost everything.

"L'eminence rose," is what she is, says her socialite mother MAXIME DE LA FALAISE, who is somewhat a legend herself.

Beth Ann Hardison with Rosemary Kent



## PACEMAKER KENT

ROSEMARY KENT was once the girl the Beautiful People in Manhattan talked about and stayed clear of at the same time. She always kept tabs on the Cat Pack and Rat Pack when she was the social reporter for *Women's Wear Daily*. After that Kent got the big spot as chief editor of ANDY WARHOL'S social tabloid — *Interview*. One day Rosemary, a girl of big proportion, got too big for her riding breeches and was locked out of her office. She rode on to other magazines where she spit out her venom through a sleek \$60 Mont Blanc ink pen or a \$.19 Bic ballpoint. In her monthly *Harper's Bazaar* column called "Focus," she isn't afraid to zoom in on JACK-IE ONASSIS or LIZ TAYLOR and call them a dump.

Kent went to her chic Manhattan wedding dressed as a cowgal with red boots clicking her silver spurs. The guests ate Big Macs out of the boxes at a Bowery Bank. "How slum chic can you get," said DIANA VREELAND, the Fashion Empress.

Kent has recently given syndicated local New York radio and television appearances where she discussed her observations of the fag hag system. Kent first exposed this point of view in her article in *BLUEBOY*. (See Vol. VII)

The Beautiful People's answer to DALE EVANS without that smelly stuffed Trigger and lame Roy, Kent rides through the social lanes of society. She kicks up much duss and fuss while wearing anything from gold wedgies to a plantation cotton-picker's hat.



## PACEMAKER DeBASCHER

"My whole name is Jacques de Bascher de Beaumarchais de Loire Atlantique," says the handsome man-about-Paris. De-Bascher is what the French would call "un personne" which means a real personality.

The English artist DAVID HOCKNEY has painted his portrait. KARL LAGERFELD dresses him exclusively in cotton and silk crepe shirts. He comes from a family that bottles a white muscadet wine on the grounds of their own castle in the Loire Valley in France.

On a recent four day junket to New York for the Bicentennial Operation Sail, Jacques landed with one large black and wine kidskin *Fendi of Rome* pullman suitcase. It was loaded with fashion, his own supply of Chivas Regal and gifts of the family wine, *Chateau de la Berriere*. He stayed with his friends and introduced ALLEN CORNELIUS to Fire Island Pines. Cornelius had lived in Paris for several years but returned to America with as much Lagerfeld as deBascher.

Airborne for his first visit to Fire Island, Jacques landed on the paradise for men in boiling rainforest temperatures wearing a quilted mole vest, black engineer boots, a pirate kerchief, and white French jeans with the zipper flying open.

"I always wear my pants unzipped but everyone is disturbed about it except me. I can walk anywhere and they say to me, 'Young man your zipper is undone. Isn't this 1976?'"

Although Jacques is of means, he does research into the 18th century way of life, gives private screenings of his days in the French navy, hopes to publish articles on the lush fresh vegetables found in the Loire region.

"You know what they make you do in the Foreign Legion. They make you go through these tests to see if you are strong. I have seen men forced to jump into cauldrons of shit just to see if they could take it," says Jacques who spends much of his time reading about the perversities of great thinkers like MARCEL PROUST and JEAN COCTEAU. GUY BOURDIN, ANNA PIAGGI (she is the first editor ever to put a black girl on the cover of a *Vogue* magazine in any country) are just some of his friends.

"I am still redoing the milkmaid's quarters at the castle of Karl," says Jacques, who spends his summers in the Brittany country estate of his friend Lagerfeld. "I am doing the milkmaid's room in the style of King Louis II with a bit of the mix of Violet le Duc. It will be ideal for any of our friends who have a nervous breakdown and can come there and stay for 15 days or more if necessary."



Cornelius and de Bascher

# EUROPE

BY DANIELA MORERA

## "THE NEWEST IN FASHION"

In Rome and Paris this is the period of the new "high-fashion-collections" that unfortunately have lost the luxurious look and the smell of the golden-period, when Balenciaga was holding the hand of Hubert (the best looking boy in town) Givenchy behind the silk pillows, on the sofas, at the most glamorous parties in Paris and when Coco (most famous mademoiselle) used to kiss her favourite model behind the mirrored screen, occasionally.

Now the mystery is gone forever, but the genius of Karl Lagerfeld is going on. Karl designs "Fendi-collection," the real "haute-couture" in furs. This season his show was the newest in Rome. The presentation was substituted by a new idea, kind of window-display. Very elegant mannequins were displayed in different corners with a different environment. Some of them pretending to be on airplanes, some having tea at a round table, some going around shopping. Bravo, Karl, that was the "newest"!

Continuing with the collections, here is the news from Paris, where the king is Yves Saint Laurent. The rumors say that the changement in



The St. Laurent Cake by Evins.

his private life has developed his fantasy in the best direction. Y.S.L. is back to freedom! After years of sharing his life with Pierre (best business-manager in the fashion-world) Berge. Mr. Berge is still the manager of S.L. companies, but not of Yves's nights. As a matter of fact it is the first time since Yves is famous that he can be seen going around town until very early in the morning with the most good-looking boys! His collection was super, real fantasy!

## "THE NEWEST FLIRT"

Let's go back to Italy and we see Jack Nicholson who

has made his appearance in Rome, on his way to Sicily-Taormina, where he has gone to receive the "David of Donatello" award. He meets a Swedish model, Winnie, (I'm sorry, she is a girl!) and they leave for Taormina together. The fashion-editor who booked Winnie is in total panic, because the girl disappeared. In two days everybody knows, through the papers, where she is. J. Nicholson gets the price and the couple fly back to Rome, where the Hollywood star goes personally to the fashion editor to excuse the girl. Isn't he sweet?! Of course the fashion editor fell in love immediately.



Swedish model "Winnie" and Jack Nicholson

## "THE NEWEST OBJECT"

Let's move to the north and we find in Milano the newest object. Designed by the most famous "tromp-l'oeil-style" architect Fornasetti, here is the "ass-holder"! (See the picture) In different sizes, but always in white pottery, you can buy "Adam" in Milano-via Manzoni, 6 and you can put inside anything you want, from flowers, to candles, to magazines, to scarves, to



The ass-shape is called "Adam"

The best is always the best, but the newest has the taste of excitement. (Do you remember my last correspondence about "the best"?) So, what is new? We always want to know, to see, to hear, to go, to touch, to kiss, to feel, to come and start again with something NEW.

Photo by M. Victoria Corradini

# WHAT'S HOT

Italians reading Visconti's letters to Helmut Berger.



snakes! Mentioning magazines I can't forget to tell you that millions of Italians are reading some of Luchino Visconti's letters to Helmut Berger, that are published in a weekly magazine. The very chic Count Luchino was explaining to Helmut the difficulties of their life due to his

(Helmut's) constant, capricious claims, like changing Rolls-Royce cars and the decor of his apartment once or twice a year. Friends say that Helmut is selling the letters because he needs money! Who doesn't?

Ciao, Ciao!  
DANIELA

## BITS and PIECES

by Shallow Throat

### GAY PLAY FOR PAY:

Blueboy got stacks of mail on our April cover story about Dave Kopay and other Gay Pro Athletes. The letter writers wanted to know just who the gay pros may be, but we'll never tell unless they want us to. If you've got a reason to stay in the closet, that's too bad, but "it ain't

nobody's business if you do" to quote Billie Holiday. Dave Kopay, however, recently revealed in a Seattle speech: "I've been to bed with professional ballplayers. There are people in positions of leadership on the ball teams who are gay. But I would never reveal their names."

Dave added, "I always

thought that if everybody knew I was homosexual, it would be the end of the world. What I found out is that it's really the beginning of a whole new world for me. And I love it."

### NOONERS

A "nooner" is something like the French "cinquante-sept" but it's a little more than a "quickie" since you do it on your lunch hour... Barbara Howar, the bright Washington hostess, has the heroine of her new best-selling novel *Making Ends Meet*, fall in love with a super smart gay guy. When you read the book, you'll recognize the heroine and her type. In real life, Ms. Howar has a way with wisecracks. At a recent Hamptons party, she was heard saying to her humpy date: "Get out in the car and assume the missionary position!"... Two members of one of the top rock groups are now lovers. Both were married, but easy come, easy go... Have a true story the wire services didn't dare report. A newspaper reporter attending a Jimmy Carter press conference, asked: "Do you have oral sex in Plains, Georgia?" The candidate responded, "Yes" (Pause) "But we don't call it that."

### WINTER CRUISING

What's hot are visors — protective eyeshades, just like the ones worn at the turn-of-the-century by bookkeepers. Visors are sunworshippers' first serious fashion alternative to sunglasses. White linen and plastic green-tinted ones are the most popular, although visors are available in denim, etc. Also hot: Men's

bare midriffs. Yes, we mean half-a-shirt, or a shirt sawed off above the waist to show beautiful ribbed stomachs. Also cool: The Wet Look — wet hair, usually wavy or curled, worn with mustache — very sexy.

### LOVE STORY

Here's a true scene. Hollywood screenwriter Joel Schumacher and star Woody Allen were leafing through a catalogue from a famous London sex shop. They examined rubber suits and various other items. Finally they came upon a page of dildoes splashed across a double truck page, starting in size from a modest A running through a gigantic M. Joel says Woody looked at the dildoes silently for a minute and then asked, thoughtfully, "Tell me, Joel, who do you suppose ever orders A when they can get M?" Right on, Woody, you little size queen. (Aren't we all?)

### PLEASE, MOTHER, I WANT TO DO IT MYSELF

Syndicated columnist Liz Smith is putting together a book collection for Doubleday of anecdotes, lines, graffiti, ad-libs and what-have-you about mothers of the famous, infamous and unknown. One of her chapters is tentatively titled "Mothers & Gayety" and it is said to be full of sad, glad and howlingly funny true tales of what mothers have said to, for, and about their gay offspring. If you've got a gay Mother story, you can send it to Liz, c/o Pierce, 155 East 37 Street, NYC 10016. The deadline is the end of November. Say so if you want to remain anonymous.



# LOVERS HOROSCOPE

ILLUSTRATION BY FITZGERALD/PHOTO BY VANCE

## ARIES

March 21/April 19

**NOVEMBER** . . . Stop window-shopping for decisions. You know what has to be done so do it . . . and quickly. After the end of this first week you won't have a minute to spare. No more sitting on the pot or smoking it for that matter, at least not right now. You may be changing your job sooner than you think; you and your lover may reach a romantic Waterloo by the 15th; and your passport better have this year's date on it because a trip abroad is a distinct possibility for the end of this month.

**DECEMBER** Your halls are literally decked with luck. Finances are healthy as long as you cool it with the Christmas presents. Not everyone has to get something engraved from Tiffany's. Your generosity should be more in the line of what you can give out in the bedroom. No joke, you're going to meet one of Santa's humpier helpers on Christmas Eve. But for once, keep your mouth shut. Discretion is the key to this relationship's longevity.

## TAURUS

April 20/May 20

**NOVEMBER** . . . Your lover may be driving you up the wall but take it in stride and do some dancing on the ceiling as long as you're up there. He's just insecure again, but thank god, you can handle all that . . . this month anyway. Inner strength is being forced upon you and because of that, you're going to be attractive to some very together people. You may even find one or two that can help you with your real estate dealings between the 27th of this month through the middle of the next.

**DECEMBER** . . . Keep the entertainment on the light side at home. Go out more than you're staying in. Your heart may be into serving suckling pig for seventy, but your checkbook is more apt to keep it at three for meatloaf. But money is on the way, you should be able to smell it by the 25th and receive it not long after. Don't make any major decisions on the 28th. Your stars on that day are dizzy, dizzy!

## GEMINI

May 21/June 20

**NOVEMBER** . . . You're going to break your neck this first week if you're not careful. Keep out of the driver's seat, the seat near the edge of anything, and shoes with more than a one inch heel. After the 8th you can relax. Danger has passed. If you're in the mood to redecorate, which means you're going to, get it done before the 18th if possible. Your house must be in order for the rest of the month because stability is going to be essential for sanity.

**DECEMBER** . . . You and your lover are getting on terrifically, but don't be too shocked, the battle begins where it left off, on the 9th. It'll last for a week or so and you're going to be tempted to buy an outrageously expensive gift for old time's sake. Don't! Come the 24th, you're going to break it over his head. It's just a good thing you're both cute when you're mad because that relationship is all trauma and very little karma. Enjoy, but don't kill yourself or him in the process.

## CANCER

June 21/July 22

**NOVEMBER** . . . It might be wise to refrain from dropping your famous one-liners at social functions this month. They may indeed be sheer genius but those unimaginative bores you're trying to impress aren't worthy of your fine wit, and may just put a damper on the business deal. Smile alot, look pretty, and keep the devastating remarks to yourself. The 24th shows you in good contention for some sort of trophy or prize, especially on the sports scene, but let's not restrict it only to athletics!

**DECEMBER** Your office is abuzz with the latest gossip about you. Yes, we know it's a lie but you know how a story can get stretched in the deep end of the secretarial pool. Tell the truth and it won't matter; they're going to believe what they choose. And to be honest, the rumors are more interesting than your life lately. Get out of the house and celebrate yourself. It's high time to get lewd, lucky, and laid.

## LEO

July 23/August 22

**NOVEMBER** You're better off leaving that mess in the office just the way it is for a while longer. You can't solve the whole thing yourself and if you try, they may very well find your body in a crumpled heap behind the water cooler. No one appreciates the solo efforts of a martyr to the cause, so get off the cross and powder your nose . . . HE's coming into your life on or about the 24th and the only thing on your mind should be what to serve with the champagne for breakfast.

**DECEMBER** . . . You see, the mess in the office worked itself out and you didn't lose a minute's sleep. Good thing too, as you need all the rest you can get with the workout your new friend has been giving you. Your financial forecast is partly sunny with the chance of an occasional bouncing check. Watch the holiday spending. Take heed from the Christmas colors; hold onto the green and keep out of the red.

## VIRGO

August 23/September 22

**NOVEMBER** . . . Be very careful about travel this month, especially by car. You've got a lot on your mind, especially you know who. His rap is charming, but beware, his game is hit and run. Don't buy the whole line, just take as much as you can without getting hurt. Why are the neighbors saying those things about you? Squelch the rumors once and for all, and for Christ's sake, keep the window shades down!

**DECEMBER** . . . If you're planning a party, the 21st is the perfect night. You might burn the bird and scorch the pudding, but they'll have a fabulous time anyway. Take it all in stride and let all hell break loose. Just don't be surprised by anything you find in the fireplace the next morning. Which, by the way, is the 22nd, your most vulnerable day for illness. Keep out of drafts and popular people with popular diseases.

## LIBRA

September 23/October 22

**NOVEMBER** . . If there's such a thing as pennies from heaven, you'd be well off to start looking up. You're broke again most of this month. At least you'll never be accused of having bad taste in what you're buying with the money you don't have. Avoid that dinner with the strings attached on or about the 8th. Romance and finance pick up after the 21st, but don't go crazy, or you'll be overdrawn in both departments. Take it nice and take it easy.

**DECEMBER** . . Well, it's about time you had a terrific four weeks. All is divine. Social life looks terrific, especially in the second week and finances look good, which for you simply means that you're not in hock for a change, but it could be worse. Mars peeks its unattractive head into your solar travel house on the 9th, so take it nice and slow on the skateboard and no wheelies! If you want to throw a party this month, the best night is the 30th. Your soufflé won't even fall.

## SCORPIO

October 23/November 21

**NOVEMBER** . . If your business partner is wearing bitch heels this month, don't get paranoid. Just keep out of the way and go about your own business, otherwise they'll be peeling you off the ceiling because he's just looking for a fight. If your partner is also your lover, may we suggest a Caribbean cruise? Outside of this unpleasantness, your social life looks stable, predictable and maybe just a little dull . . . and whose fault is that?

**DECEMBER** . . Your partner is down to bitch sandals but the possibility of a flareup is not remote. That Christmas bonus may not be the sweepstakes you thought it would be, but best to keep the complaints to yourself until after the New Year. If you're throwing an "at home," throw it on the 21st. Don't make it a simple punch and cookies. Go all out, it'll do you good.

## SAGITARIUS

November 22/December 21

**NOVEMBER** . . Don't get upset, but this has to be one of the worst accident prone periods you've ever gonna see. And for you that's saying a lot. Your disaster potential reaches its peak in the first week and then again on the 15th. Play it safe; don't even carry two cups of coffee at the same time. And that party list you're planning needs lengthy revision. Your idea of interesting combinations at the dinner table may turn out to be nothing more than oil and water.

**DECEMBER** . . Breathe a little easier. This is your best month if you can relax and let it happen. Just don't try to manipulate the situation. That has always gotten you into a mess, and it will continue to do so. Saggies are at their best when they flow and float. Keep smiling, but watch where you walk. If anyone can find a toothpick to trip over, it's you.

## CAPRICORN

December 22/January 19

**NOVEMBER** . . If you're looking to get swept off your feet, you'd better be content with just getting your knees splashed in low tide. Not the most spectacular month for love, in fact, even your friendships have become the stuff of which damp matches are made. It's no fault of yours, the stars have simply chosen you to sit in the corner for a while. Don't even think of trusting your intuition by jumping into anything head first. The pool you're diving into is bound to be empty.

**DECEMBER** . . Aha! Things are looking up. Your business outlook is especially bright on the 5th and 6th, and what do we see but a brand new romance on or about the 7th. The only fly in the KY this month is the fact that your optimism is a bit overbearing. You could make Dinah Shore look like a manic-depressive. Be realistic if you can, and if you can't, keep the smile to yourself.

## AQUARIUS

January 20/February 28

**NOVEMBER** . . Do you think you can calm down before you give yourself and everybody else a heart attack? Socially, you're like the Prussian army on the move. Parties are to enjoy, not to prove yourself to everyone that you can be all things to all people. In fact, don't go to that bash on the 24th. Stay in and relax. Go out on the 25th and get back on a saner level of communication.

**DECEMBER** . . If you listened to the stars, you'll notice the healthy flow beginning this month. The lights are green for you everywhere. Career looks excellent, social life is enchanting, if you like enchantment, and romance is waiting in your Christmas stocking, on top of all the rocks.

## PISCES

February 19/March 20

**NOVEMBER** . . If you've been bragging about how you're healthy as a horse, you may be laughing out the other side of the saddle. This is not a good time for you to be running around in butch T-shirts without a jacket. And cool it with the travel plans. You're inviting mishap by wandering too far from home fires. Make this a month of caution and rest. Partying should be the spice of life, not the main course.

**DECEMBER** . . The 26th and 28th of this month are excellent for making fast cash. If you want to sell out, do it then. Your head is working a mile a minute which is none too fast, as good good things can be happening for you as quickly as you let them. If you want to throw a party this month, throw it on the 21st or 24th. If you've got one planned for the 23rd, cancel or you'll be stewing in your own Christmas pudding.



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our extremely successful and informal

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**DECEMBER 25 TO JANUARY 2, 1977 — NEW YEAR'S PARTY**

**JANUARY 15 TO 23, 1977 — MID-WINTER PARTY I**  
**JANUARY 22 TO 30, 1977 — MID-WINTER PARTY II**

**FEBRUARY 12 TO 20, 1977 — ST. VALENTINE'S DAY PARTY**  
**FEBRUARY 19 TO 27, 1977 — WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

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Our other popular programs for men include the fascinating Safari in Northern India in January; the fabulous annual Carnival in Rio tour in February; action-packed economical 4-Day Weekends in Haiti for Memorial Day in May and Thanksgiving Day in November, 1977; the Greek Villa Party in June; a Grand Canyon Expedition in July as well as four other outdoors adventures for men in the West during the summer, river-running and horseback riding; and a safari to East Africa in September.

*If you let us know in which programs you are interested, we will send the brochures to you. Please state that you saw this advertisement in Blueboy.*

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## BY CADE WARE

### SHORT REPORTS

*That Battered Bill:* Bella Abzug's gay rights bill is in trouble. To run for the Senate, Bella must resign her House seat. Hence she won't be present to re-introduce it next session. As you know, this historic bill is the first to propose civil rights protections for gays by Congress. It has a raft of co-sponsors, and surely someone will be found to adopt it. But so far, no sturdy Solon has stepped forward.

*Gay Income Tax?* Hearings may be held soon on discrimination against singles in federal income taxes. The House Ways and Means Committee has appointed a task force headed by Rep. Joe Waggonner (D-La.) to dig into the matter.

It is not true, as many gay lovers suppose, that they would benefit if they could file a joint income tax return like married straights. At least generally speaking. This is because joint filing was designed to benefit married couples when one spouse works and the other stays home. By splitting their income — "averaging" it in a joint return — they pay taxes on two lower incomes and come out better in the altogether.

With gays, however, it is typical that both lovers work. Even with very unequal incomes, the joint return benefit would not be big for gay couples. So if you pine to file jointly with your sweetie, forget it. Unless one of you works and the other stays home, the advantage is largely a myth.

The real benefit we could get from singles tax reform — as proposed by Rep. Edward Koch (D-N.Y.) and by COST (the Washington-based Committee of Single Taxpayers) — is that, after deductions have been allowed for marrieds and others who have child-rearing responsibilities, *income tax rates will be equal for all*. No special schedules for marrieds and singles. Just one tax rate. Here we could get real benefits — up to 20 per cent in many cases — so write Rep. Waggonner or your own Representative and tell them you want action.

*HEW and the 'Gay Handicap':* The Department of Health, Education and Welfare recently invited comment from the public on whether homosexuals

# VIEW FROM THE HILL

should be included in protections for the handicapped. It appears that Section 504 of the 1973 Rehabilitation Act bars colleges, local governments and other takers of federal largesse from discriminating against "otherwise qualified handicapped individuals."

The blind and crippled are presumably to be covered by such protection. What about alcoholics and addicts HEW asked. What about homosexuals?

Many colleges and local governments answered that homosexuals should not be protected. They came up with dandy reasons, such as that homosexuality is a matter of choice, or they don't want queers on campus. What's interesting, though, is that the gays responding also felt homosexuals should not be covered. Because homosexuality should not be considered a physical handicap, they said.

*Bravo!* It takes courage to turn down federal favors which are offered on insulting terms, and I think gay activists should be applauded for knowing that self-respect is worth more than dubious pats on the head from HEW.

## THE SECOND GENERATION

Seven years have passed since the famous Stonewall riot in Greenwich Village launched gay liberation as we know it today. In seven years, many battles have been lost and won, many faces have appeared and gone, and the entire color of gay life in America has been altered for good.

In that time too, most of the original gay activists have left the movement and a whole second generation has now filtered in to take it over, professionalize it, and expand it. Gay lib may or may not be better for this. It is decidedly changed.

Bruce Voeller, executive director of the National Gay Task Force, thinks the change is for the better. "The confrontation tactics of the young counterculture people broke the ice," he says. "The Stonewall generation were the reason the whole thing began. Without them it would have taken decades to get where we are today."

"But these changes brought new needs. After government people were made to pay attention, we needed new tactics to capitalize on the advances. We needed people who could talk to

professionals."

The movement now has those people. Most of the leaders of gay liberation today were still in the closet in 1969. Establishment ties and establishment skills are what they've brought to it.

What happened to the oldtimers? Many just burnt out. They were exhausted by the intensity of what they did. Others became disillusioned with the growing middle-classness of a movement they expected to promote socialism or the counterculture. Others simply saw it as one phase in their lives and passed on. "That was a school we all graduated from," says *Village Voice* columnist Arthur Bell, once a gay lib stalwart.

Some gay women went low-key. "Society now is much less tolerant of rebellion," says Betty Powell, co-chairperson of the NGTF board. "Many lesbians I know are working on extremely subversive things — but quietly."

Gay liberation is a stronger and broader movement now than it was in the days of the zaps and the sit-ins. Though it lacks much of the fervor and the joy of the first years, I think it is now doing more things for more people.

This second generation phenomenon is visible among non-movement gays also. A whole breed of young gays have come out today who don't remember Stonewall. Cool and healthy, their desire is to live freely in the gay world and forget stale old slogans. Many don't realize how newly won this freedom is. And they sense only vaguely that their freedom is tied to politics.

The mainstream of gay liberation has broadened into academia and the arts. Gay researchers, poets, artisans and playwrights are at work to broaden our awareness and pleasure in ourselves as gay people. Says gay writer Loretta Lotman, "Today gay artists are putting their gay and their art together. The best thing the movement can do now is go out of its way to support gay art. Politics dictate — art explores."

The mainstream of gay liberation has also broadened in adding an entirely new tone to the everyday lives of gay people. Many gays who don't see themselves as "in the movement" nonetheless no longer see themselves as in the closet either. They have come out to a new place of living where gay feels good and gay life has a positive

style and flavor of its own.

These gays don't think they have to ruffle the feathers of the straights around them to enjoy the benefits of gay liberation. Gay freedom can be lived, they feel, without being declared — at least indiscriminately.

No martyrs, these gays often cop out on gay pride. But they are pioneers in one area — the subtleties of integrating our new gay freedom into the wider arena of American living. Movement heavies are too narrow-focused to have this touch.

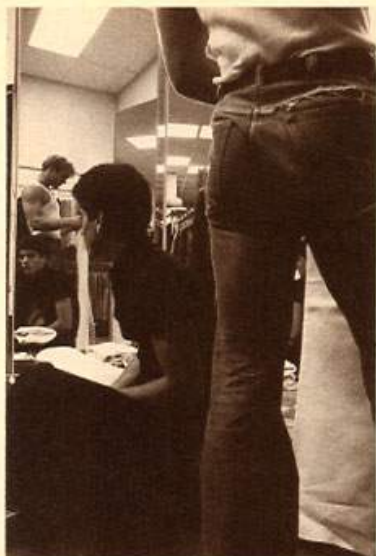
For the movement hardcore, the change to a softer, middle class style is both good and bad. Good in that the powers-that-be are readier to talk and make small changes. The mood is more harmonious. And other gays are readier to join up and help. But bad in that a sense of urgency has been lost. Intellectual ferment has cooled. And at hard moments, when only confrontation can prevail, the will to confront may not be there.

The marches and zaps were a deep experience in self-redemption for the Stonewall activists. Today's middle class movement lacks that. Says Washington GAA President Craig Howell, "Middle class values and abilities do not include politics as confrontation — or confrontation as self-affirming."

This second generation of the movement is decidedly easier to live with. Gone are most of the ego artists and gay lib crazies who made the movement seem a wrangle and a fright. Gay liberation now means many things, not just signs and pickets. And it doesn't demand social suicide.

But the soft danger is that the new movement is so easy to forget. It is gentle and not urgent. It doesn't shit in public. Today it's tempting to believe we are all free and relaxed "just because we are that way" — forgetting we didn't used to be.

The best balanced homosexuals now, I think, don't feel they have to join the movement. But they don't ignore it either. They believe that all healthy people, gay or straight, voluntarily help their community in some way. To them, sending a check or lending a helping hand to the gay liberation group of their choice is a satisfying act. It feeds freedom. And it's a sane acknowledgment of multiple goods received.



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# THE FITTING ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GIUGNO



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THE FITTING ROOM

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# THE FITTING ROOM



20

BY WALTER VATTER

Last winter I attended a birthday party given for a dear friend who was in the throws of putting her new apartment together "from scratch." Our hostess suggested everyone bring birthday gifts that would be practical and helpful for the new place. I bought a rectangular red carpenter's box and equipped it with the basics: hammer, nails, picture hanging hooks, tape measure, screw drivers, etc. Several days later I received a thank you note which said, among other things, "And I love your tool(s)!"

There is a sexual diffusion about tools and machinery so strong that the slang language of sexuality and the jargon of the "shop" are nearly identical. Not only are many of the words the same, but for electricians and plumbers it's common practice to describe their craft in terms of male and female function. And why not? With plumbers especially, everything "fits into" something else and what is easier

for everyone to relate to than sexual imagery.

Gay men have always exaggerated macho maleness by association with tools and heavy machinery such as motorcycles. One of the most famous San Francisco gay bars was called The Toolbox. There was another in Los Angeles called The Filling Station where the bartenders wore gas station attendant uniforms. And now this kind of motif dress has made it to the streets where you can find men (probably gay) going to business, the grocery store, or most likely a gay disco or bar dressed in "work clothes" — denim, coveralls, hard hats, "work" shoes or boots.

Since hardware stores were created as a market for men in the trades, it isn't surprising that a gay man has — in the spirit of high camp — named a hardware store Nuts & Bolts.

In September 1973 Martin Seliger hung out his shingle and opened what is today referred to as New York's "gay hardware store" at Broadway and Canal Streets in lower Manhattan. The

Martin Seliger, center, opened his New York hardware store "in the spirit of high camp."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANE BERKOWIT



**Can an overtly gay businessman buck the competition with a reputedly He-Man line on a street where the neighbors are angry?**

NUTS & BOLTS  
HARDWARE STORE  
PROFILE OF A GAY  
TYCOON

space had previously been a Nedick's hot dog stand. There were already four other hardware stores on the same block. "They all said I'd starve," Martin offers with a grin.

His entire capital investment was twenty-nine thousand borrowed dollars, all from private sources including his father who had recently retired from his own industrial supply business. In 1976 Nuts & Bolts is expected to gross over \$1,000,000 and Seliger claims if he could double his space he'd increase his take by at least 50 percent.

There is nothing exotic or complicated about his success formula. Nuts & Bolts offers the lowest price for the best value, a fact which has lured new customers to the area as well as making converts of some of the competitors' once loyal patrons.

"People find a hardware store they like and they go back time and time again, like to a barber or a Chinese laundry. People come back to me because they like the prices and service. My neighbors mark up a 5-minute glue 50 percent and rip their customers off. My profit comes through volume, not mark up. I won't be undersold."

Nuts & Bolts is called the "gay" hardware store. "Often my help will tell a trick they work at Nuts & Bolts and right away the trick wants to know, 'Is that the gay hardware store downtown?' Why? Because Mr. Seliger has carefully selected and hired only very attractive, high energy, extroverted males in their twenties or very early thirties who know how to make their customers feel important and who purposely contribute to the high level of sexual tension in the store as they toss knowing glances back and forth and move gracefully to the rhythm of the disco music blaring out from overhead.

What Hugh Hefner did for steaks and whiskey with scantily clad cotton-tailed bunnies, Seliger has brought to light bulbs and extension cords with very tight tee shirts. And the customers love it. "One customer, the wife of a local artist, came in one day and said out loud to her companion, 'I think this is a store full of faggots.' She has been back at least once a week ever since. She's one of my best accounts."

The clientele is not all gay or even mostly gay. The estimate is that 75 percent of them are straight. Sixty percent of the customers, Seliger believes, are in the arts (painters, sculptors, film makers, craftsmen who inhabit the loft area in New York known as Soho which Canal St. crosses) and 100 percent of them "are hip to what's going on." Actually, even the staff isn't

all gay; only seven of the ten men presently on the payroll.

What is going on is nothing unusual for a hardware store, at least nothing I could see. Martin describes himself as a likable but tough boss. Four of his present employees are his closest friends. He says he has a waiting list with nine names on it of young men who want to work for him. He won't tolerate anyone coming in late to work, nor goofing off around the store, nor anyone he can't trust at the cash register. No one in Martin's service has so much as taken a nail out of the store on the sneak, he says.

Some cruising does go on. "People walk by, notice the pretty boys, and

**Seliger points out that he is a man first, then a gay man; a businessman first, then a gay businessman.**

come in and look around. And that's okay because they usually end up buying something." But it's hardly the Canal Street meat rack. But camping it up around Nuts & Bolts is another question. Camping Martin Seliger likes. He says that recently one of his boys — Charlie — came back to the store from a haircut with his long, thick hair shorn to a close crop. Seliger (bald himself) shouted across the store, "Hey, Charlie, do you want to borrow my fall to go home tonight?" Charlie yelled back, "Only if I can wear your drop earrings, too." "The straight customers laughed louder than the gay ones," Seliger says. "Regardless of how it sounds now, it was a very funny scene and none of us felt restrained from letting it happen."

The gay image has had no bad effects on Seliger's relationships with the banks, suppliers or service people. "None at all. In fact, Rockwell Powertools came to me and offered a franchise even though there were three other franchisers within walking distance of here. They're the best line

of power tools, and they knew what kind of business I was doing. I also carry Skill and Black & Decker, and I do enough business to keep an inventory on all three moving. Nobody cares anymore if you're gay."

Martin Seliger never said directly whether he intended Nuts & Bolts to carry the gay label. He opened up with his straight brother and three gay friends working for him. He realized he felt more comfortable in a gay atmosphere, and he decided to just let things happen. He emphasizes over and over how important he feels it is to have young, attentive men working in his store. He says he looks for the same thing when he is the customer. When he goes to buy clothes, say at Paul Stuart, he consciously waits for a gay salesperson to wait on him, and he wants one who is young. He says he doesn't ever want to deal with anyone grouchy.

About his own sexuality, Martin says easily, "I'm gay and I'm not ashamed." But being gay isn't an occupation with Seliger. He points out that he is a man first, then a gay man; a businessman first, then a gay businessman. In his life the two qualities are neither mutually exclusive nor dependent on each other. And he thinks "that what I do in bed isn't anybody's business. How could it be?"

Seliger does support other gay establishments, chiefly restaurants. His favorite is One if by Land, Two if by Sea, a gay restaurant in the Village. He occasionally veers off the gay restaurant circuit, however, say to La Grenouille for elegance or for Chinese. "Whoever heard of a gay Chinese restaurant?" Where does he advertise? *The Village Voice* because he knows it will pull for him. Does he belong to, or support any gay organizations? No. "I'm a little leary of going to meetings — because of the business — and I just don't want to be bothered by it all." No guilt feelings here.

What was Seliger thinking of when he opened up Nuts & Bolts with all that competition on the same block? He had a "look" in mind, a look that is unlike what he calls the typical Canal Street schlock look. His hardware store was to resemble a very modern supermarket. And it does. The ceilings are high, windows clean, light abundant, paint fresh, shelves orderly and dustless, floor waxed and gleaming, displays up to date. Is the look fussy or cute? No. And you know when you pick up an item, say a can of paint, that the whole shelf isn't going to cascade onto the floor around you.

There was method to Seliger's

madness when he set out to install this new look in hardware stores on Canal Street. Several years ago loft-style apartment spaces were legalized as residential dwellings. Soho is New York's old warehouse district famous for its cast-iron constructed buildings. The area had for years been popular as a place for artists to live because the spaces were huge, the light usually good, the streets quiet at night, and the prices — then — very, very cheap if you could put up with make-do plumbing and minimal electricity.

About the same time "living together" came into vogue, so did loft living which attracted the middle class again to Bohemia. As soon as the old buildings were declared residential by the courts, banks made loans to aid their development and the money has been pouring in ever since. The "thing to do" has been to fix up your own space, either as a means of expression, for its therapeutic value, or just because it's so much cheaper — at the beginning, anyway — than paying union labor costs.

The amateur home-makers in Soho drop all their spare change at the hardware store, naturally. The marketing scheme at Nuts & Bolts was designed especially for this do-it-yourself phenomenon, and it has worked. Seliger sells — in a comfortable, non-threatening atmosphere — anything needed to fix up the house or apartment, and what he doesn't stock he'll special order.

This gay hardwareman is very happy with his success and he's grateful for it. He is eager to tell what it has brought him. He has a house in the Pines on Fire Island where he spends all the time he can. This past winter he took four separate trips to the Caribbean Islands where he likes the Dutch side of St. Maartins the best. He lives in an apartment on East 53rd St., but is looking for "something to buy" in the West Village.

He's 44 years old. He doesn't look especially gay. Rather he looks rich and distinguished and very much like Murray on the Mary Tyler Moore Show. He speaks in glowing, loving terms of his lover of the past two years — a ballet dancer — with whom he says he has never exchanged an unkind word. And he's happy to be alive, for a year or so ago he was operated on for cancer, and he's completely recovered now.

How does Martin Seliger sum up his huge success with Nuts & Bolts? He says with a laugh, "I had always wanted to be on Broadway in the theatre, and here I am — on the corner of Broadway and Canal — feeling like I'm on stage all day."



Some of Martin Seliger's employees, shown here, are also some of his best friends.



BY WILLIAM SICKEL and MODESTO TORRE

(1)

I met him on the dance floor July 1, 1976, a hot night. What a beauty! We danced to "Try Me, I Know We Can Make It," from *A Love Trilogy* by Donna Summer and the "Munich Machine." It's a Say Yes Production by Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte for Oasis Records (OCLP 5004) recorded in MusicLand Studios, Munich.

The song is 17:55 long, played at normal speed. I noticed the D.J. left for the bathroom when it started.

(2)

When it ended, we were both sweating.

Sweat is the body's reaction to excessive heat. There are two kinds of sweat glands. Eccrine glands secrete a dilute salt solution and are found over most of the body's surface. Apocrine glands, which are larger, secrete a fluid containing fatty materials. They are found only in specific areas of the body, such as the nipples, the skin below the navel, the circumanal area and the scrotum.

Skin contains 41% of the total available water in the body and can deliver up to fourteen quarts of sweat a day in extreme situations.

(3)

The night was dark and there was a light rain.

His Italian motorcycle, a red and black M.V. Agusta 750 S America, was parked right in front. The 750 S America weighs 507 lbs. dry. It has a wheelbase of 54.7 in. and an overall length of 83 inches.

I got on behind him, put my arms around his waist and pressed my knees against his legs. When he started the four stroke, four cylinder 86 H.P. engine, with its maximum torque of 6.62 kgm, at 7,500 r.p.m. and Peack rating of 8,500 r.p.m., I had a hard-on.

(4)

He took me up 11th Avenue, very fast, under the deserted West Side Highway. We passed dark warehouses and parked trucks where, sometimes, men moved in the shadows. The rain changed to mist,

and a wet smell from the Hudson hit my face.

We stopped for a red light in front of the Market Diner, and he put my hand between his legs to feel how hard his cock was.

The night was beginning to clear as we passed the showrooms of Ford, Buick and Cadillac. By the time we got to his high-rise building near Lincoln Center, the stars were out.

(5)

His apartment was in the penthouse.

He immediately put Lonnie Liston Smith in one of his tape decks, a Sony 880-2. The 880-2 has a Close-Loop Dual Capstan Tape Drive to reduce wow and flutter to almost nothing — 0.02% @ 15 ips. It has a Phase Compensator Circuit to compensate for phase distortion and Syncro-Trak, so you can lay down two individually recorded tracks in perfect sync.

(6)

He fixed us Negronis: one oz. Campari (made exclusively by Fratelli Campari Successori, Milano), one oz. gin (he used Beeleater) and one oz. sweet Vermouth. He served it on the rocks, with a twist or orange.

(7)

Like all the apartment, his bedroom was designed by Joe D'Urso.

Vertical blinds were open to show an incredible view of New York. The walls were glossy white. An oval table topped with black rubber, a Luxo lamp and a Breuer chair were in one corner.

The king-size bed, on a platform of industrial gray carpet, was covered with black leather and lit by a spotlight.

(8)

He got undressed and showed me the hottest tool I've seen yet, a gleaming cylinder more than nine inches long. It looked powerful, thick and straight as a piston, with a steady throb. My tool was rock hard. He reached beside the bed for a big can of Crisco and scooped out a handful. What happened next was enough to blow my mind.

Crisco, the oldest, most popular

product of its kind, is noted for its creamy, smooth texture and fresh, bland taste. It can be stored indefinitely at bedroom temperature. Although Crisco begins to soften well below body temperature, it doesn't turn liquid until 100° F. is reached. Fats, which are digested in the intestines, give the body more heat and energy than any other food because of their high caloric value. One pound of Crisco contains 4,086 calories.

Afterwards, covered with Crisco and sweat, we slept.

(9)

I woke up at dawn. He was asleep beside me, cock still hard. I went to the window, looked out over the city and thought about the dream that woke me.

I dreamed I was in a helicopter with people I couldn't recognize, descending toward the green island of Skorpios. It looked like my hometown. I asked the pilot what kind of helicopter we were in, and he said, "Sorry, fella. I don't know." The others looked at me, strangely.

The guests were gathered around the grave site, and the service had begun. I was late. I saw Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and I asked a woman who was with her, "What is she wearing?"

"I really don't know," she said, glaring at me, and turned away. She whispered to a man next to her. The sun blazed on us, and I began to sweat.

Suddenly I realized the service had stopped, and people were staring at me. I looked down to find I was naked. What an awful mistake! Why didn't I have clothing? What could I do? I looked around, but there was no place to hide.

Jackie stepped away from the people she was with and walked up to me. She placed her hand on my arm and whispered in my ear, "I shall miss the Golden Greek."

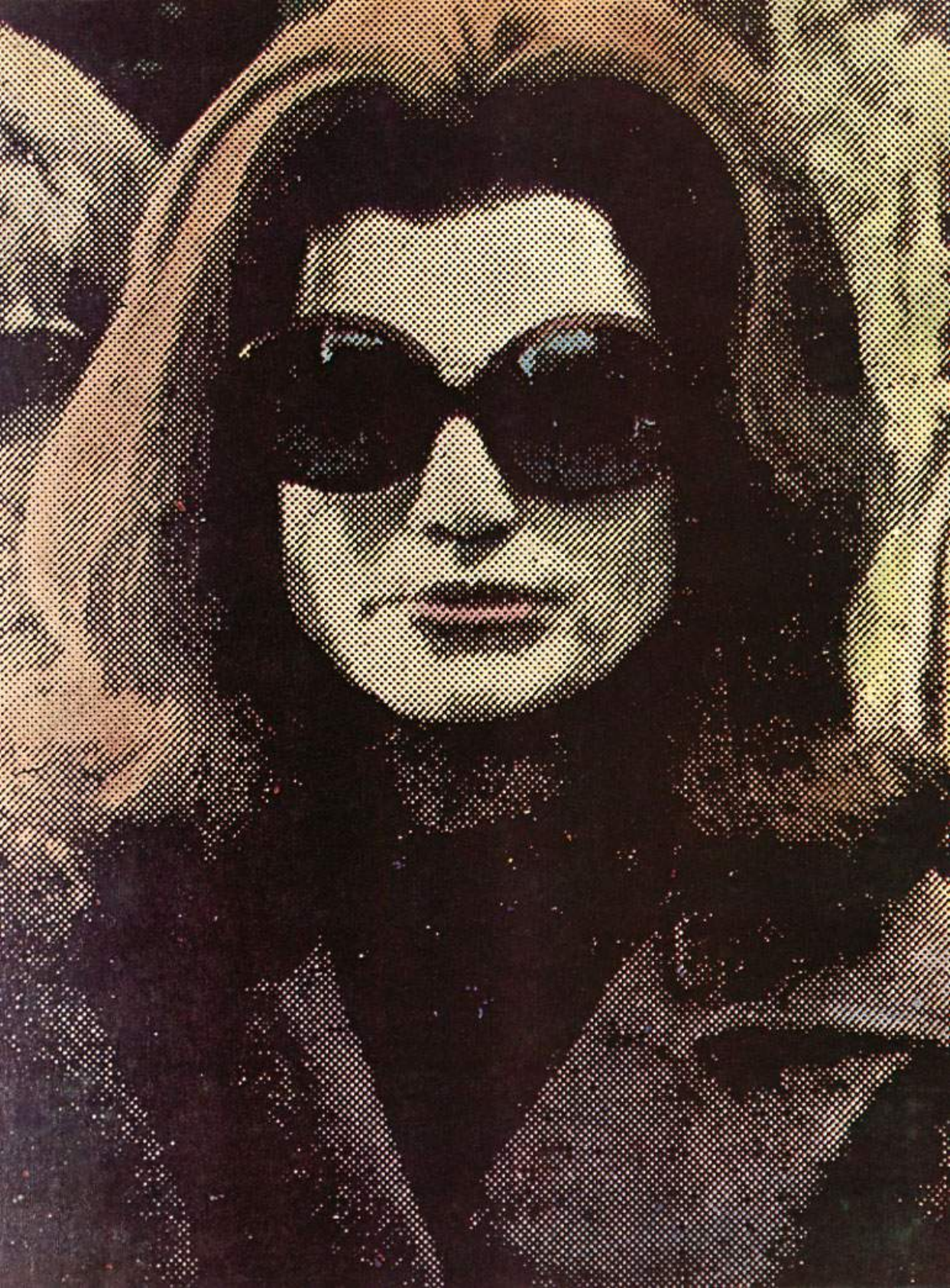
"What should I do now?" I asked her, desperate, trying to cover my nakedness.

She lifted her dark glasses, looked me up and down and said, thoughtfully, "I don't know."

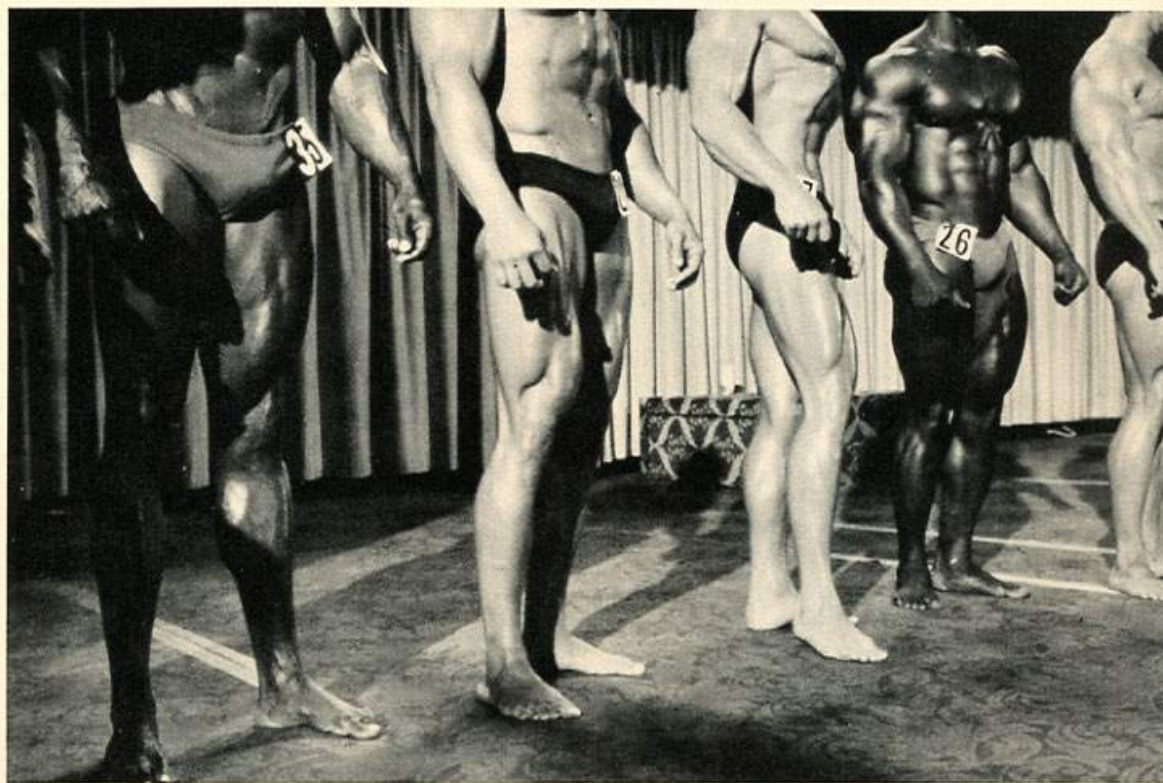
(+)

He became my first lover.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SICKEL



# HOT SHOTS



Mr. America contest, Los Angeles



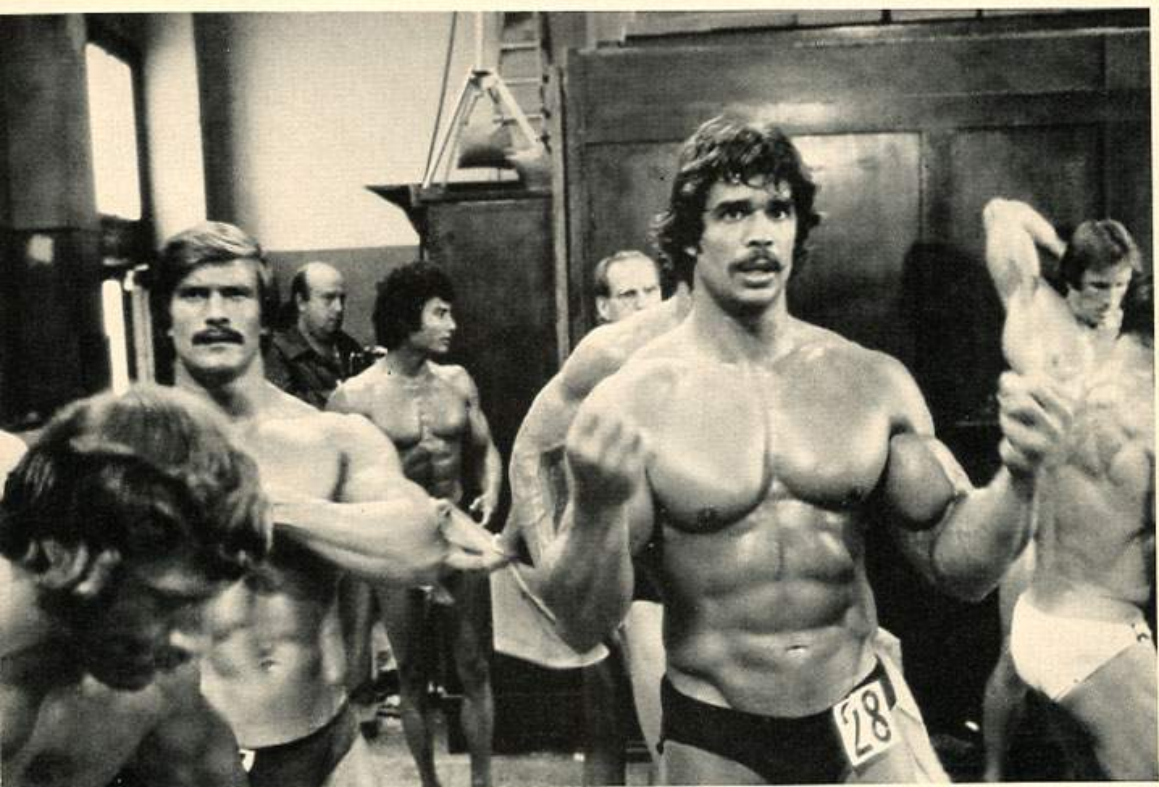
Prejudging, Los Angeles



Arnold's 22-inch arm

# PUMPING IRON

As Ziegfeld glorified the American girl, so the film *Pumping Iron* glorifies the American musclemán. In this excerpt from the movie (based on the book of the same name by Charles Gaines and George Butler, published by Simon & Schuster), BLUEBOY shows you what to do with your body once it's built into solid muscle.



Check posing backstage



Arnold's calf

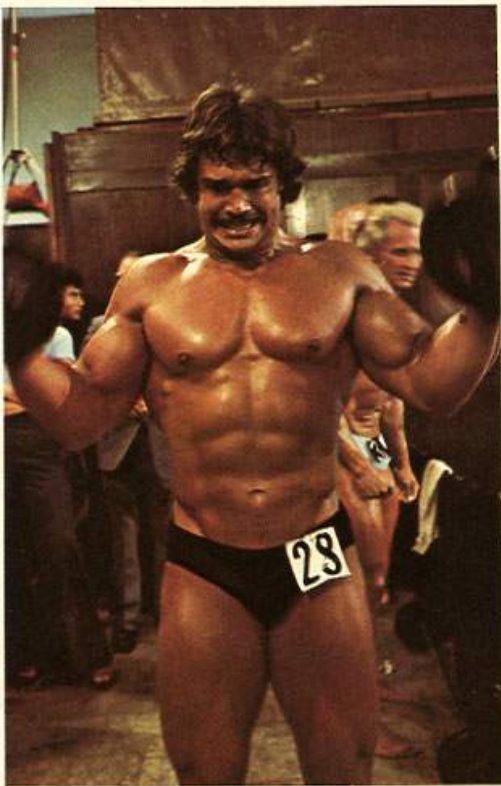


Onstage, Mr. America contest

# HOT SHOTS



Franco Columbo, Mr. Olympia.



Denny Gable pumping up.



Mike Katz (Mr. World) at Gold's Gym.



Ed Corney, Mr. Universe 1972



Arnold's bicep



Entrants in Mr. America contest

# PUMPING IRON



Backstage at Mr. America contest



Pumping up in Los Angeles



Onstage at Mr. America contest

# HOT SHOTS



Arnold at Venice Beach, California



Workout for fun and fame...



From the gym to the photographer's studio

# TIRED OF CRUISING? THEN TRY BLUENOTES...

## BLUE NOTES

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF GAY CORRESPONDENCE



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SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_ (SIGNIFIES THAT YOU ARE OVER 21)

Arnold Schwarzenegger. Age: 28. Height: 6'2". Weight: 240. Chest: 57 inches. Waist: 31 inches. Arms: 22 inches. Thighs: 28 inches. Calves: 20 inches. Arnold Schwarzenegger is one hell of a humpy number. Five times Mr. Universe, six times and still Mr. Olympia, it is no hype to say that he has the best body in the world. He also has a damned good head which figures more than just incidentally in his success. But beyond this, he has star quality, magnetism, charisma. As I said, one hell of a humpy number.

As a ten year old living in a small town in Austria, Arnold had a vision. "I felt," he begins, "I was born to be special. I wanted more than just a 9 to 5 job. I wanted to be recognized. To be a leader of men. To be remembered. To change other people's lives. Some guys are remembered for a couple of hundred years; others — like Jesus — are remembered for thousands of years." A natural athlete, Arnold tried swimming,

soccer, wrestling, skiing, boxing, shot-putting and at 19 was European curling champion. Then he got into bodybuilding, partly because it was "individualistic." Now he can say, "When they think of bodybuilding, they'll remember my name. That's me. I've proved it eight years in a row."

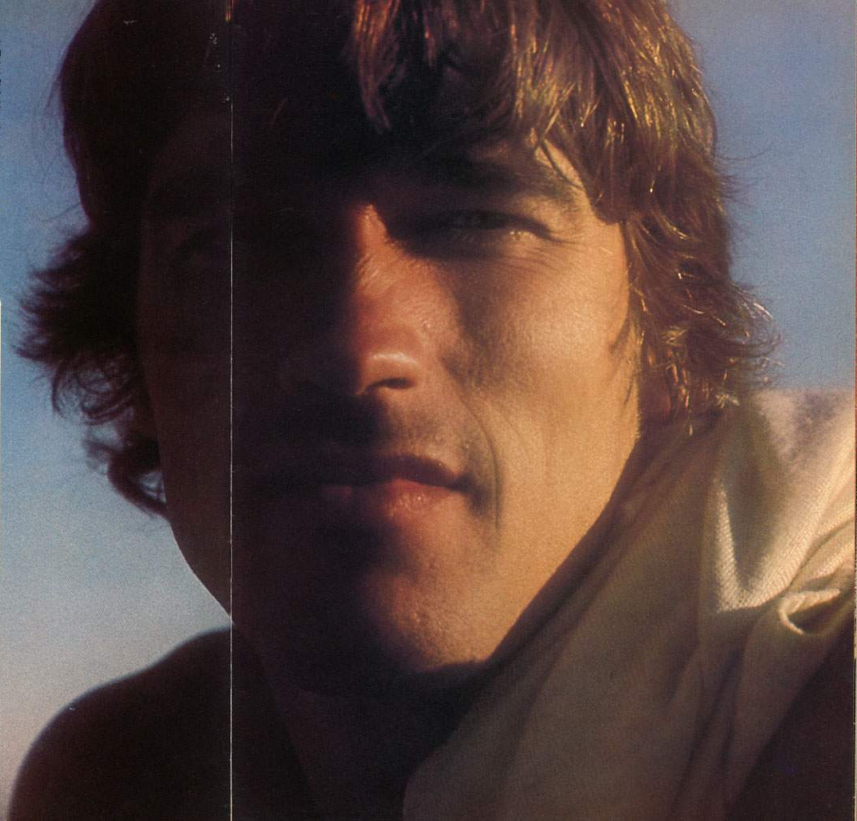
Arnold's income is around \$100,000 a year. He won't discuss the exact amount. "Remember the Internal Revenue Service," he laughs. Exhibitions, endorsements and the sale of bodybuilding pamphlets form the bulk of his income. He has what is generally regarded as a flawless body. He has achieved his childhood dream and has what would seem to be a promising future in films. Arnold Schwarzenegger is in the very enviable and unusual position of being able to say, "I love what I have achieved."

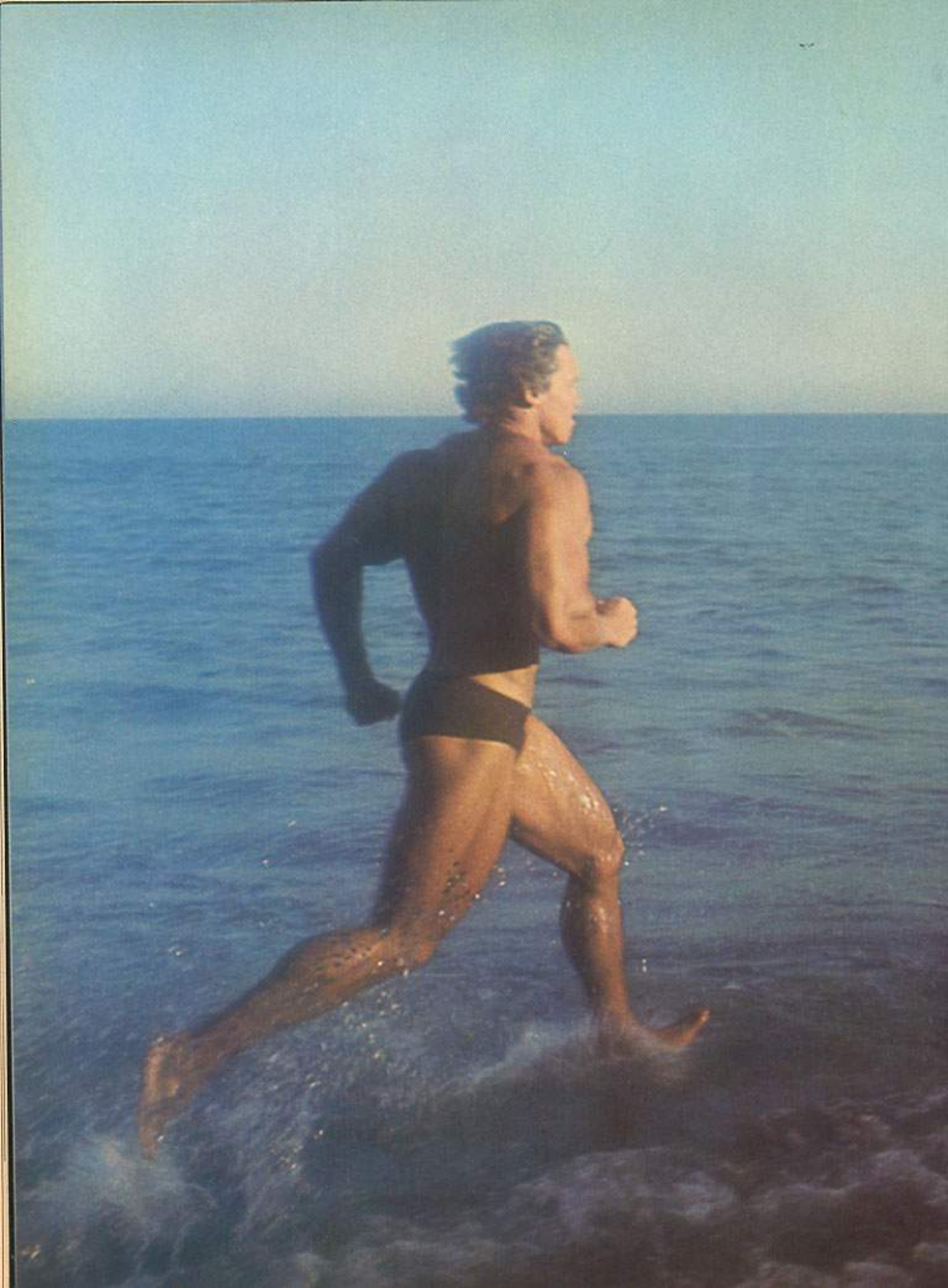
I must confess to a certain feeling of revulsion at the sight of a bodybuilder. Somehow, I don't have this gut response with Arnold. I first saw him on the screen,



# PERFECTED MASS THE MAKING OF A MUSCLEMAN

BY ADRIENNE SCOTT/PHOTOGRAPHED BY LISA POWERS





I was rather reluctantly viewing rushes of *Pumping Iron* — reluctant only because of my prejudice against muscles that look like sides of beef; the film has turned out to be really hot largely because of Arnold's large part in it — when Arnold bopped up. It was, if not love, then delight at first sight. Arnold is beautiful.

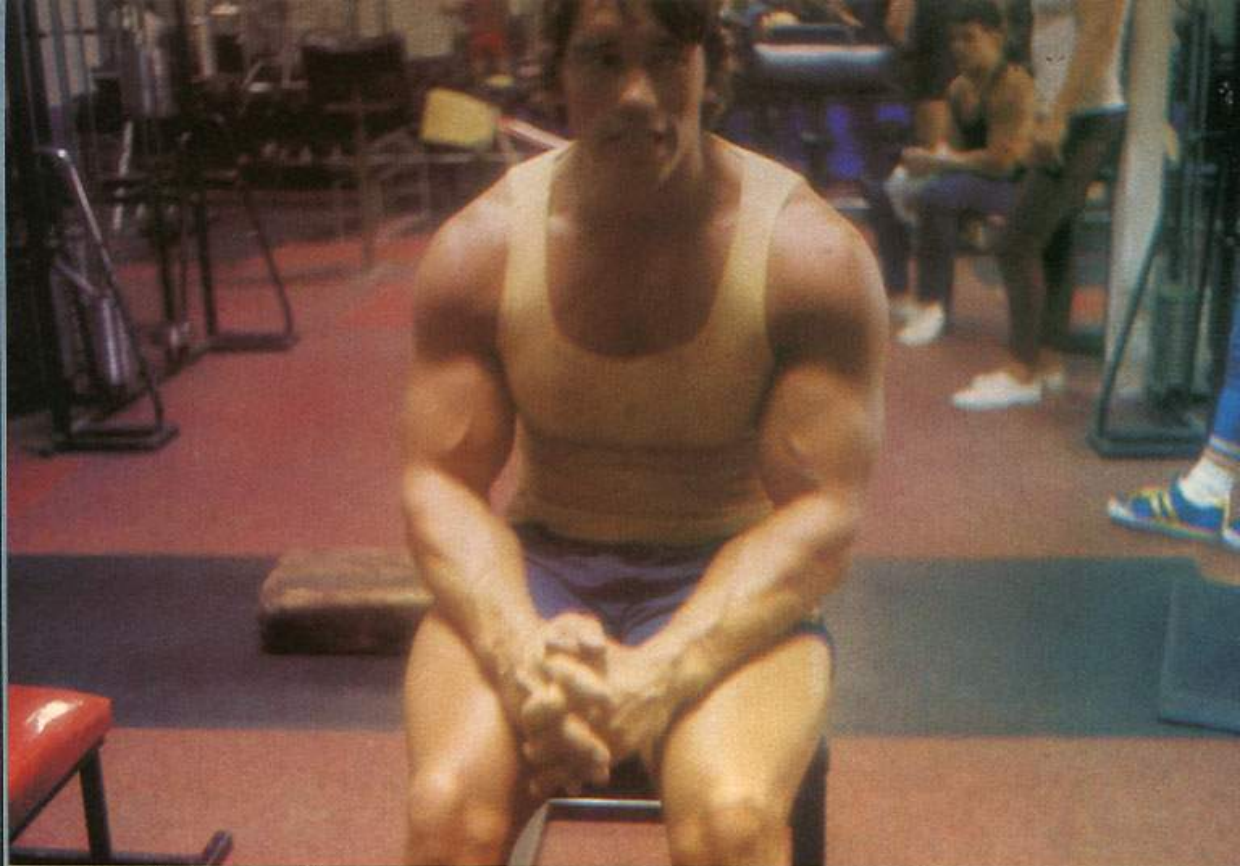
Which is how I found myself visiting Arnold in his Santa Monica pad. And "pad" it is. Thick white carpets, furniture hewn out of whole logs, a stained glass chandelier hanging on a heavy gilt chain, a silver Mercedes parked outside — Arnold's living quarters are a *Playboy* paradise. Santa Monica itself is one gigantic singles bar. I had driven down Wilshire Boulevard past the car showrooms and the fast food joints to arrive at Arnold's as — appropriately enough — one of his girls is leaving. "Promise to come to my house!" she only half jokingly

begs Arnold. Doug Hall, a writer house-guest who is helping Arnold with his book (*How to Transform Your Body* to be published by Simon & Shuster this Spring) makes a joke: "She wants you to come. Hear that? I'm your witness." So much for sex in Santa Monica.

Arnold Schwarzenegger is straight as a die. Why then has he consented to this *Blueboy* interview? "Gays are like body builders. Everyone stereotypes them and makes all kinds of assumptions about them. For a lot of years I've been categorized. I have suffered from being stereotyped so I feel for what it must be like to be gay. People meet me and they have already made up their minds about me because I am a bodybuilder. It has hurt me." Arnold pauses, and continues, "I respect gay men, communicate with them, associate with them. Most straight guys say 'I am normal because I like



"I want to  
look like Michaelangelo.  
Like Greek  
or Roman sculpture"



girls." Those guys are jerked up. Who says what is normal? I just hope a gay guy can find another guy who he really likes. And I hope they are not too hung up about being gay. I have the same affection for men as for women. Not a sexual thing for men, but certainly affection. I dislike men who come on like big bosses. Who call in women to make coffee for them. Everyone thought Franco (Franco Columbo is a consistent winner in the small men category of bodybuilders) and I were lovers. That's their problem, not mine." And then, Arnold — always the

pragmatist — adds "There is also the business side. I know that ten dollars from a gay pocket is the same as ten dollars from a straight pocket."

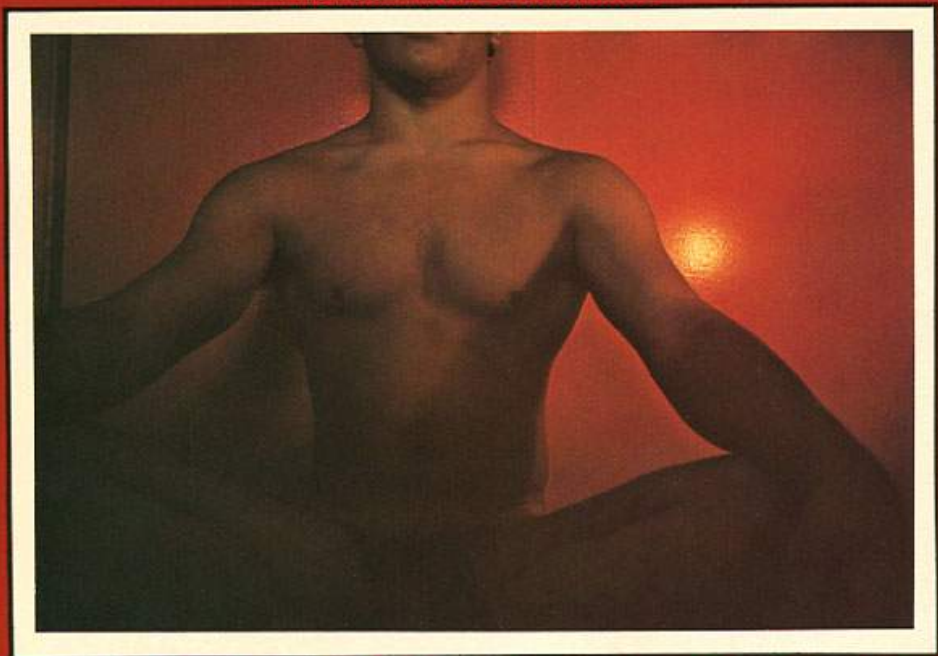
It is surprising to hear this man who has perhaps the greatest body of any man who has ever lived say "How it is in your head is where it's at." When I ask Arnold how a guy could get started on improving his body he replies, "It starts in your head. It's all mental attitude. Anyone can achieve his potential 100%. That's what I've done." Step number one

(Continued on page 91)

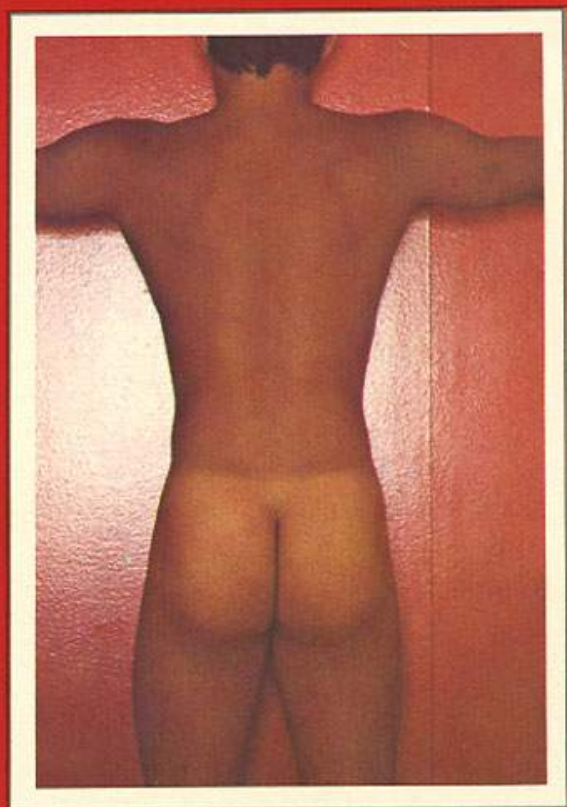
**"A  
pumping  
bicep  
is like  
having  
a hard on"**



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIKKO



# EXERCISE|N|RED



EXERCISE IN RED





BLUEBOY puts together a winter wardrobe with a hint of spring. The key is versatility, function, the ease with which the clothes bridge the seasons. Terry cloth in the winter tropics, for instance, will apply equally as well to summer in the city. Here we've paired drawstring shorts with a cotton terry sweatshirt (sizes S,M,L; shorts \$24, shirt \$16) and a drawstring pants with a zip-front, hooded parka (S,M,L; pants \$22, parka \$36). All by Lucarelli. An Italian cotton umbrella will protect you from the noon-day glare just about anywhere (\$25). Yellow vinyl-look BigJacket (right) works with or without matching walking shorts (jacket S,M,L, \$26; shorts (even waist sizes) 28-36, \$14). Poncho does it for one or two people. In red, black, yellow (one size fits all; \$21). (See page 56 for shopping information.)



# TWO FOR THE ROAD

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAM NOTABARTOLO



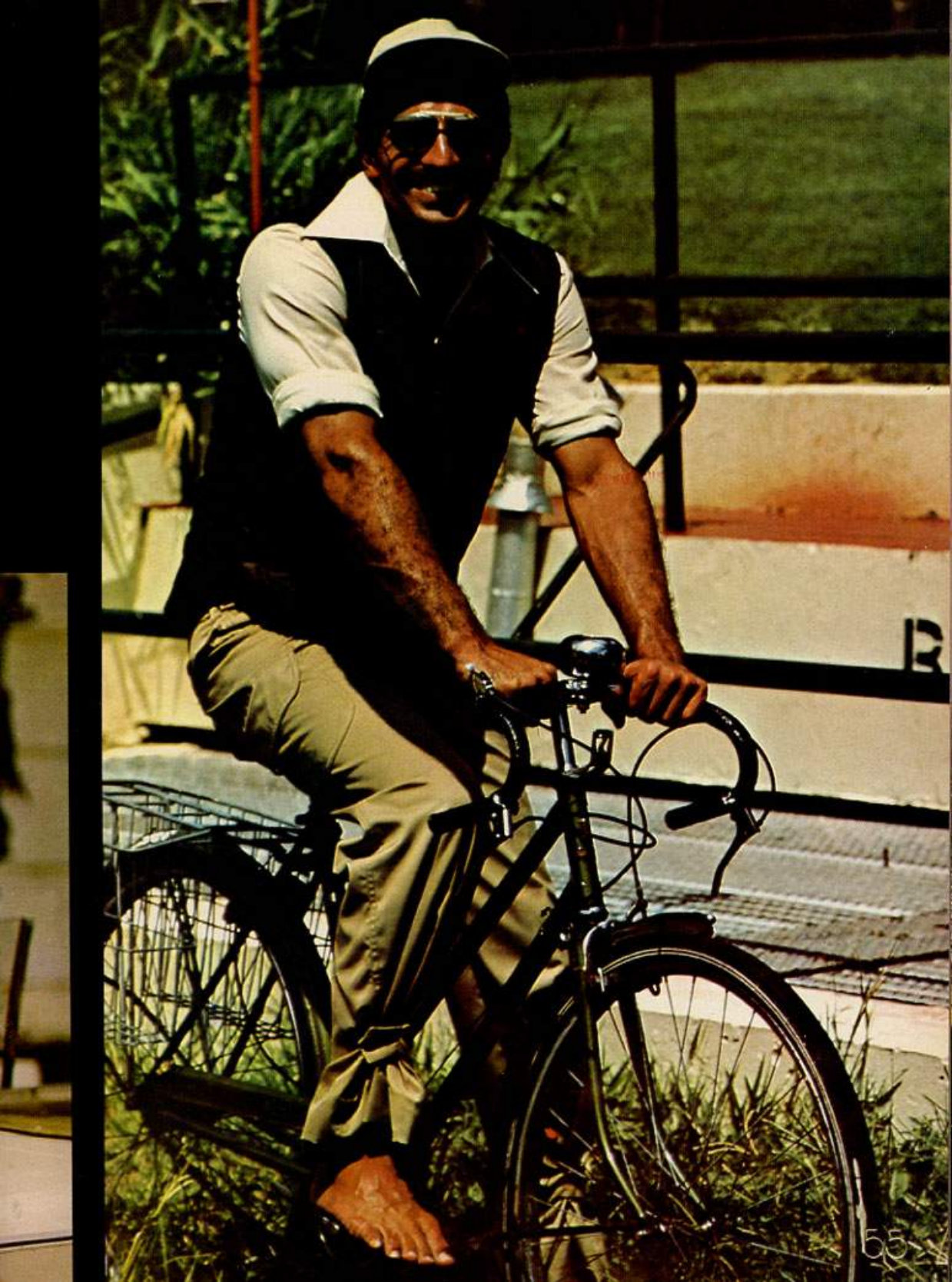




When you hit the trail, do it in cotton elastic-back pants that self-button for safe and easy bicycling as well. (right page, 28-36, \$22). Brown quilted nylon vest (S,M,L; \$24) and cotton flannel shirt by Jean Paul Germain (tan only, S,M,L,XL; \$45) finish off our bicyclist with a flourish. Red cotton flannel BigShirt by St. Clair (S,M,L,XL; \$50) is the kind of mainstay that mixes quietly with either dress or casual slacks. Blue & white cotton overshirt also by St. Clair (below, S,M,L,XL; \$45) continues the versatility trend. Wear it over another shirt or with a lightly looped silk scarf (about \$25). Cashmere cardigan sweater (below right, S,M,L,XL; \$60) provides textural contrast for Chuck Jones' velvet tie-front pants (brown only, S,M,L; \$40). (See page 56 for shopping information.)

## TWO FOR THE ROAD





Less formal is more formal; or, how to dress "up" minimally. Note the upturned collar on both the navy wool gabardine suit (even sizes 36-44; about \$275) and St. Clair's cotton check shirt (S,M,L,XL; \$46). For contrast, watch for the return of the button-down collar (here in pink cotton, neck sizes 14-16, sleeves lengths 33-35; \$22.50) newly accessorized with a collarless pullover (S,M,L,XL; about \$25). Jean Paul Germain's velvet blazer (right page, 36-44; about \$155) dramatizes St. Clair's multi-check shirt (S, M, L, XL; \$50) and pleated wool gabardine pants 28-36; \$55). (All merchandise available to order from Chuck Jones & Jack Parker, Inc., 246 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla. 33480. (305) 659-0832.)



TWO  
FOR  
THE  
ROAD





The Man: six feet of rippling muscle, domed pectorals, scalloped abdominals, hairy chest, dark complexion, blue-black hair, square jaw, cleft chin, craggy brows, bull-like balls, ten-inch cock.

The Boy: young, handsome, a naked Adonis, surfer body, smooth and copper skin, flat belly, quarter-sized nipples, lush blond hair, sensuously pouted lips, athletic legs, firmly-rounded ass, bagging testicles, luscious hunk of meat.

The Place: in an alley, on the beach, on the kitchen table, in the bedroom, in a mountain stream, in a swimming pool, in the bathtub, in an elevator, on an airplane, in the back seat of a car, on a train, in the park, in a tree, in a rowboat, in the snow, in the shower.

The Foreplay: much biting of nipples, fondling of balls, kissing, caressing, licking, scratching, cock leaking, probing tongues, bruising lips, swelling pricks, lifting legs, lubricating penis and ass.

The Insertion: slow and easy, or fast and hard; an inch at a time, or from cock-head to cock-balls in one savage thrusting.

The Sex: long strokes, rotating asses, stirring cock, mashing pelvises, grinding bodies, squeezing ass hole, pumping hips, humping stud, gripping legs, scratching nails, biting teeth, powerful thrusts, pouncing butts.

### Confessions of a Porn Writer

# IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT LAY

By Chad Stuart



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by John Paul Hudson and Warren Wester

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- ...delectably perverse. —BLUEBOY Magazine
- Juicy! Memphis may not like it, but it works for me. —Harry Reems
- I admire and applaud SUPERSTAR MURDER? ... I was surprised and delighted at every turn, every twist. —Merle Miller
- Once I picked up SUPERSTAR MURDER? I couldn't put it down. It almost gave me a hernia. —Joan Rivers
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The Orgasm: cataclysmic, shuddering, intense, breathtaking, world-shaking, unbelievable, gut-knotting, mind-bending, all-consuming, strength-draining.

The Cum: gallons, hot, sticky, drowning, ejaculating, jettisoning, flooding, flowing, splattering.

The Withdrawal: slow and easy.

The Afterplay: (See Foreplay and begin again).

And there folks, you have the basic format for perfect sex. I know. I've been reading about those perfect fucks since I was a youngster. Recently I've taken to making a living writing about them. I've been using the above tried and true formula (or variations thereof) for over fifty soft-core porno novels and just as many short stories. All my readers out there would certainly say that I know what I'm talking about. How do I know they'd say that? Because my publishers keep asking for more manuscripts. They wouldn't keep asking if the readers didn't keep buying, would they? God, no, not in this profit-oriented age in which we all exist.

People ask me if I write what I've personally experienced. That's actually rather flattering. If it were true that I did, I figure I would have had about four-thousand perfect sexual experiences by now. Unfortunately, I haven't. And it's not that I haven't tried.

When did I begin my quest for the perfect lay? I figure it must have been even before my balls dropped. I was hearing stories then from several of my peers who had sped into puberty without me. They'd screwed Donald D. after school one day and said he was a perfect fuck. By the time I was able to get it up for Donald, he had moved out of town. Maybe I've just been looking ever since for that one perfect fuck I just know I missed.

If you want perfect sex, the most logical way to go about getting it would seem to be by tossing two perfect people together on a bed. That's always been a bit of a problem for me, though, because I'm admittedly not physically perfect. I'm not all solid muscle. As a kid, I suffered through a Charles Atlas course with no results. I figured I was just too young. When I got a little older, I joined a spa. All the fat, little old men kept telling me I looked good just the way I was. I found it somehow easy to believe them. I now go to a gym; but, the way I figure it, I've gotten too old to change what I've become stuck with over the years.

I missed reaching six feet by half an inch. I don't have a hairy chest. I have hairy legs, but they don't count. I don't

have a square jaw. I don't have craggy eyebrows.

I don't have bull-like balls or a ten-inch cock. How often I have bemoaned that in the past! I know that a big cock is supposed to mean nothing in good sex. Have you heard that story, too? Why do all the centerfolds in those men's (and women's) magazines come with such large equipment if nobody really gives a damn? Why don't people buy books with the hero walking around with just a good old six-inch erection bobbing between his legs? Is it, perhaps, because there are so many people out here, like me, who have only got those six inches or less and know there are no perfect lays

**Why don't  
people buy books  
with the hero  
walking around with just  
a good old six-inch  
erection bobbing  
between his legs?**

awaiting them around every corner? Since I've talked all of this over with several guys with cock sizes comparable to my own, I figure it must be those big-whoppered gents who are getting all the perfect screws. We sure as hell haven't been getting them.

I don't want you to think I lack all the qualifications for stud material. I am dark-complected. I do have what might pass for a small cleft in my chin — if the lighting is just right, mind you. While my hair isn't blue-black, it is brown. That's somewhat close, isn't it?

I certainly don't want to give the impression that I'm blaming myself entirely for my predicament. There aren't all that many other guys out there who look perfect either. And how many of us are lucky enough to know the ones who do?

So, since my personal sex life has usually consisted of the thrusting together of something less than perfection, what could I expect? The law of averages tells me I won't come up with perfect sex every time. Still, you'd think I'd be able to

hit the jackpot at least one time around.

I was sexually initiated by an older man. We all know how often that theme turns up in fuck books. When we were finished, he lit up the traditional cigarette, blew smoke to the ceiling, and told me sex with a novice wasn't all it had been cracked up to be.

I fucked a male nympho. I got it off three times, and he wanted more. What could I do? He told me a real man kept coming all night long. What books had he been reading? Possibly some of mine?

I fucked a Korean hustler. I came to him with visions of sex in the mysterious East. There would be incense, a thousand different types of kisses, a rhinoceros-horn aphrodisiac in my rice wine, a complex series of scratches, an ecstasy that would build and hold for hours. In reality, he laid on his belly like a board, while I pumped away. He even got a bit perturbed when I didn't immediately get my rocks off. He asked if I'd been drinking.

I fucked on the beach. I got sand up my ass. So did my companion. I came away with a cock that looked as if it had been stuck in a meat grinder. He came away feeling like a meat grinder.

I fucked by moonlight on the deck of a luxury liner. I got seasick in mid screw. I fucked amid the pine trees of a northwestern forest at sunset. I got pitch in my pubic hair.

I screwed in an oak tree. I got a splinter in my butt.

I tried humping in a public park. I was so paranoid about being seen by some passerby or the police, I couldn't even get it up.

I once started to do it on a kitchen table. The table collapsed. My poor trick almost broke his leg. For a while, I was convinced I'd broken something even more vital.

I did manage to meet one of those physically perfect men at a party. He had over six feet of rippling muscle, hairy chest revealed by a shirt unbuttoned to his navel, cleft chin, square jaw, bull-like balls, large cock. He asked me to go home with him. I went. We both ended up wanting to fuck each other.

I found myself a virgin ass. I thought they were an extinct species. Imagine my surprise! The ass was so tight, my cock got scraped raw from the resulting friction.

I talked dirty to a guy in bed. I whispered four-letter filth into his ear while I humped him. He told me I was a little weird.

I confess, I began to get a little discouraged. Wouldn't you? I was convinced there just was no perfect lay for me.

Then came New Orleans. I was pleas-

(Continued on page 73)

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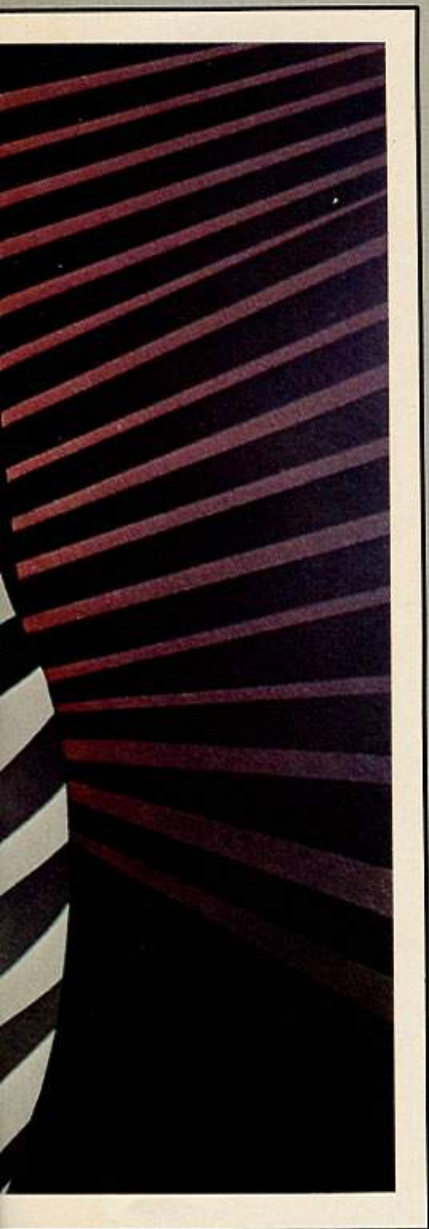
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ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL VAN HORN



# INSIDE est

BY JIM FRAGALE  
WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

## WHAT DO THESE PEOPLE HAVE IN COMMON?

Valerie Harper (*Rhoda*), Yoko Ono, Richard (*Shaft*) Roundtree and Polly Bergen; *Vogue* editor Kate Lloyd, singer John Denver, John Davidson, Joanne Woodward and Polly Bergen; radical Jerry Rubin and tv producer Norman Lear, all of Lloyd Bridges' sons, four of the Fifth Dimension, comedian Sandy Baron, sportscaster Marty Glickman, singer Judy Collins, actor Roy Scheider and his 12 year old daughter, actor George Maharis, Ron Travisano of Della Femina, Travisano Advertising, Tucker Frederickson, big-time agent Ted Ashley, the publisher of the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*, writer Adam Smith, Cloris Leachman and Diana Ross, actor Ralph Meeker, John Dean, Marion Javits, astronaut Buzz Aldrin, screenwriter Joel Schumacher (*Sparkle* and *Carwash*), and designer Angelo Donghia.

They all took est training.

The press from *Viva* to *The Village Voice* have had a field day tearing apart est, the most successful — and the most efficiently operated — of the burgeoning new consciousness-raising groups. Since est is impossible to grasp without going through it — and because est's source, sinner-saint Werner Erhard constantly makes paradoxical statements — much of what has been reported is either downright inaccurate or, at best, ambiguous. What follows is an account of my own est training, a process which took place in January of 1975.

### PRE-TRAINING

My est pre-training took place on a Wednesday evening. At the pre-training meeting you get evidence of est's appeal to the entire human spectrum: There is a remarkably heterogenous assemblage of hippies, students, suburbanites, ghetto blacks plus a smattering of doctors, therapists, and college professors.

One learns the ground rules. No excuses for being late to the training. No wrist watches in the room; no note-taking, sitting next to a chum or relative. No breaks for bathroom until break-time is called. No eating at the bathroom break. And, for the next ten days, no drugs, sleeping pills, aspirin, alcohol. (Alcohol!) No marijuana, fasting, meditating or

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praying. No smoking in the training, reading or needlepointing. Those hospitalized for emotional problems were advised not to participate; those in therapy, to get ok's from therapists.

After the rules were read aloud, there were lots of questions, sweaty palms and cold feet. David Norris, the pre-trainer, reassured: "If you stay in the room during the training, you'll get it. You don't have to do anything. Even if you're asleep through half of it, as long as you're here, you'll get it. Do not try to understand the training on an intellectual level. Don't mind-fuck it! Rational concepts are of no use in getting the training. They are barriers and must be overcome in order for you to achieve aliveness."

### BECOMING MORE ALIVE. THE ESSENCE OF EST.

Briefly, the essence of est is received in two consecutive weekend sessions — Saturday and Sunday, all day and all evening — which, as of October, costs \$300. An average of 250 people spend the first 18 hours or so sitting (no standing), on hard-back chairs in hotel ballrooms. An est trainer shrieks with drill-sergeant ruthlessness calling them "turkeys," "assholes," and telling them their lives don't work and why. They usually are allowed to go home at 1 a.m. although trainings have been known to last as late as 5.

The "trainees" listen to the "trainer" put out information about how life works, share their experiences-perceptions with the group, and undergo "processes" (self-immersion into one's own consciousness). The rest of the time is more active, featuring a number of mind and body exercises. Through these techniques, the trainees explore painful, unresolved material, and penetrate their defenses. In this no-exit, grueling 16-hour-a-day marathon, a trainee is in a controlled, safe place, created to induce self-disclosure.

In one of the more dramatic exercises, drawn directly from Gestalt theory, and known as "the danger process," 25 individuals at a time stand in a line on the stage, toes flush against a long white line, and look at their peers for 15 minutes. Silent, immobile, with no personality operating, some weep, shake, faint, or vomit.

"Get off it, turn off that bullshit smile, be who you really are," shouts the trainer. "Wipe the smile off your face!" "Stop trying to be cool."

Ultimately most participants "get through the shit," stop smiling and turn off their "act." A "realness" emerges. This process is one which singer Judy Collins, a confident performer in front of thousands, found unbearable and dropped out of during her March 1975 New York training.

(Cont. on p. 68)

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BY BRIAN PLATLER

What is it that sets the German male homosexual apart from most other European men? And why should the gay American male visit Munich before other German cities? Why, after all, is Munich a *man's* city?

First, it's important to note that Munich has always attracted a rare breed. The kind of person who'd rather collect memories than postcards and who wants an open society and real contact with people like himself. The kind of person who left a lot more than his heart in San Francisco and wants more of the same as an American abroad.

What will strike you about the gay Bavarian is his responsiveness. While other Europeans may snub you, even ignore you, in Munich you get reaction. Positive reaction. These men — often, unbelievably, combining masculinity with sensitivity — always seem eager to invite you into their world. To share their historical city, their feelings and themselves.

It's this kind of openness that really comes to life during the famous Oktoberfest, a holiday traditionally celebrating the harvest before the coming of winter and dating back to 1810. Today, the excitement is heightened by a German Mardi Gras known as *Fasching* ("Farewell to the Flesh") that European and American men both return to year after year. It's that kind of celebration.

Which means that it's no problem to join in all-night beer parties, street carnivals or masquerade balls. When you connect with someone, you really can dance with him in the streets 'til dawn. If you're worried about a

language barrier, let your fingers do the talking.

Perhaps the best part of unwinding in Munich is that it doesn't all have to be done behind closed doors. Don't expect a New York-style "Dockstrip" or even an Old World Castro Street. But you can walk hand in hand with your lover or friend through the streets of Munich and feel easy about it.

For those who do feel more comfortable in bars though, this city has a scene as varied as you could want. Two hot discos are currently the *Jeans Club Discotheque* and the famous *Mrs. Henderson's*. The *Teddy Bar* does a drag show during *Fasching*, as does *The Eagle* — albeit of a different nature. In this case it's leather and the customers are the show. Also look for *Bel Ami* (for hustlers or, as it's called here, rent), *Pils-Stuben 2000*, *Deutsche Eiche* (in a gay hotel of the same name) and the *Pimpf* (an after-hours spot).

So much for one hunger. For the other, right down to the demi tasse, sample the classic German dishes at *Boettner*, *Humpelmayr* or the *Platzl*. He'll probably take you. If he suggests *Goldene Stadt* (Bohemian) or *La Cave* (French), you'll know he's serious. And if the feeling's mutual, you might suggest a walk through the English Gardens where, once again, everything's more or less out in the open.

Being "up front" is really what being "macho" in Munich is all about. Less self-conscious than, say, Amsterdam, Munich is a city for men who are comfortably American and comfortably gay. Like the nearby castles of Ludwig, it is a place no less fantastic for being so accessible.

Cafes are an integral part of street life in the sprawling downtown center of Munich.



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## inside EST

(Continued from page 64)

### THAT FIRST WEEKEND

On the following Saturday morning, I broke an agreement I'd made at the pre-training. I was five minutes late. I encountered stern robot-like est assistants not smiling a bit this morning. (The consequence of being late was to come some seven or eight hours later during the first break of the day; I was to re-read the est ground rules to myself from a typed sheet of paper before being allowed to leave the room to go to the men's room).

The training room at the Summit Hotel had no windows, the mirrors were covered, and we sat on uncomfortable bridge table chairs. I could see several est assistants sealing off all but one of the exit doors with masking tape. Kleenex and vomit bags would be brought to us upon request.

People who had doctor's permissions to eat, go to the bathroom, or to take medicine were put in a special row. The trainer, Stewart Esposito, arrived. Stewart talks, even gestures, much like the pre-trainer David Norris. That robot quality, the jargon, again. I reminded myself not to pick it up. I would not become an est bore — if I happened to endorse the training afterwards. I would not become an est robot.

### THE ASSAULT ON BELIEF

The trainer began. "Est is about turning your life around. Life doesn't work. We live mechanically. By belief systems, instead of experientially. We construct our ideas of reality to corroborate our beliefs, rather than reflecting what's really so. Belief is a disease. A belief system is myth, created by knowledge or data without experience. If you experience something which is real for you and you communicate it to somebody, it's real for them. If they communicate it to somebody, it's bullshit, concept, belief." The trainer went on to emphasize the foolishness of all belief systems including Werner Erhard's. "You people are here today, because all of your strategies, your smart-ass theories and notions and all the rest of that shit haven't worked for you. In this training you're going to find out that you've all been acting like assholes. And, I mean each and everyone of you. Not just the person sitting on your right and left. In this training, you're going to get to look at where all of your fucking cleverness and self-deceptions have gotten you, which is precisely nowhere. And I promise you you're not going to like it one bit."

After the trainer talks a while, the group is encouraged individually to stand up and talk about "what's going on," or to ask a question. In the est jargon, any kind of communication of ideas or feelings is called "sharing," and during this first

(Continued on page 97)



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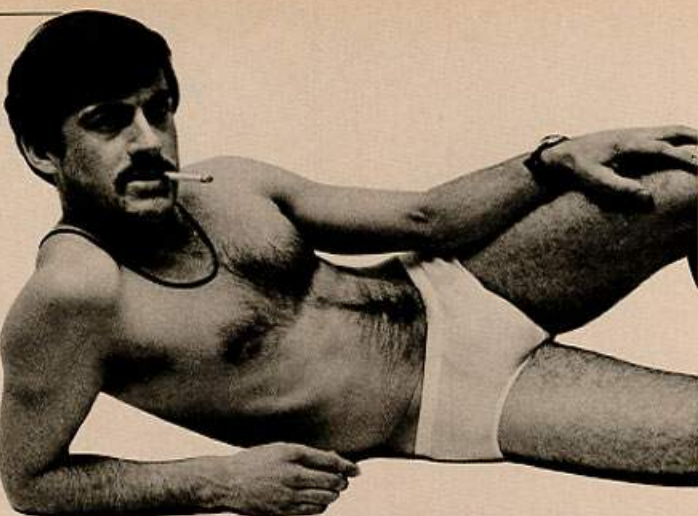
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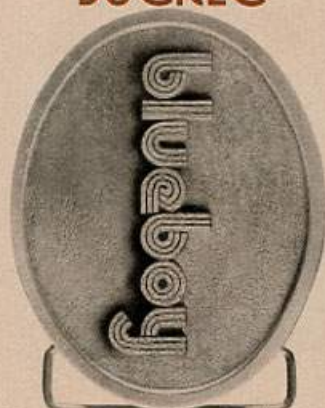
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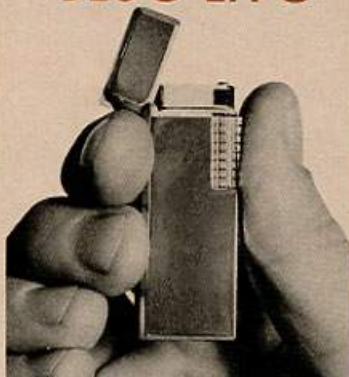
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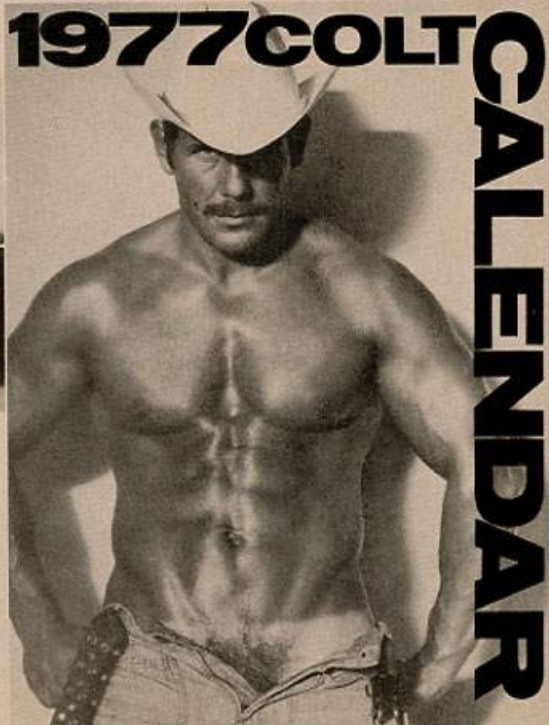
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## IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT LAY

(Continued from page 58)

antly drunk. I was in a bar. I met this guy. He looked damned good through the liquor blur. We talked. We had a few more drinks. We danced. We walked the late-night streets of the French Quarter. We kissed in the shadows. I felt his basket. He massaged my cock through the fly of my trousers. We laughed. I felt like a kid again. A kid again, hell! My childhood had never been that good. I felt actually giddy, heady, bubbly.

He asked if I'd take him to my hotel. I told him I didn't think so. I didn't want to ruin it. I didn't want something perfect to be spoiled by something I knew from past experience would be less than perfect. He persisted. I told him I had to get up early the next morning to catch a plane. He said he didn't care. He'd leave early.

I took him back to the hotel. He told me I made him feel sexier than hell. I told him we didn't have to have sex. If he wanted a place to crash for the night, he could have the bed. I'd sleep in the chair. It sounded like the dialogue out of some ancient hetero movie. He asked me if I were chickening out. I said maybe I was. He laughed.

He took off his clothes. He was blond, had a muscled chest, flat belly, copper skin, firmly rounded ass, luscious piece of meat.

I took off my clothes. He asked me if I lifted weights. He said I must work out regularly because of my excellent build.

We fucked after much biting of nipples, fondling of balls, kissing, caressing, and leaking. My orgasm was cataclysmic, shuddering, intense, breathtaking, beautiful. I fed him gallons of cum. We started over again.

I got my morning wake-up call without ever having gone to sleep. We did it one more time before he left.

My first perfect lay! A day and a half later, my cock started dripping.

"Your problem," an old friend recently told me, "is that all your sex has been devoid of the one thing that could make it perfect. Love. If you love someone, you can overlook all of his flaws. Find yourself a nice guy and fall in love. That's the only way you're ever going to get perfection in bed."

This particular friend, laying his Ann Landers number on me, had been married until just recently. After ten years, he and his other half were splitting. He said he thought he remembered having perfect sex with John in the beginning of their relationship. How many times? Oh, a couple, maybe. Was it worth it in retrospect? He said no.

On Tuesday of last week, I met Karl. He told me he'd just seen this real sexy layout in some magazine about how two people could do it in the tub.

I tried fucking Karl in the bathtub. We both almost drowned in the process.



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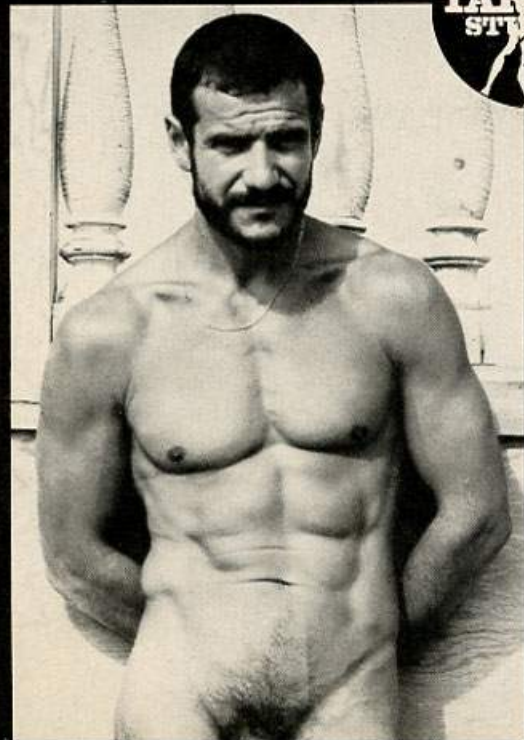
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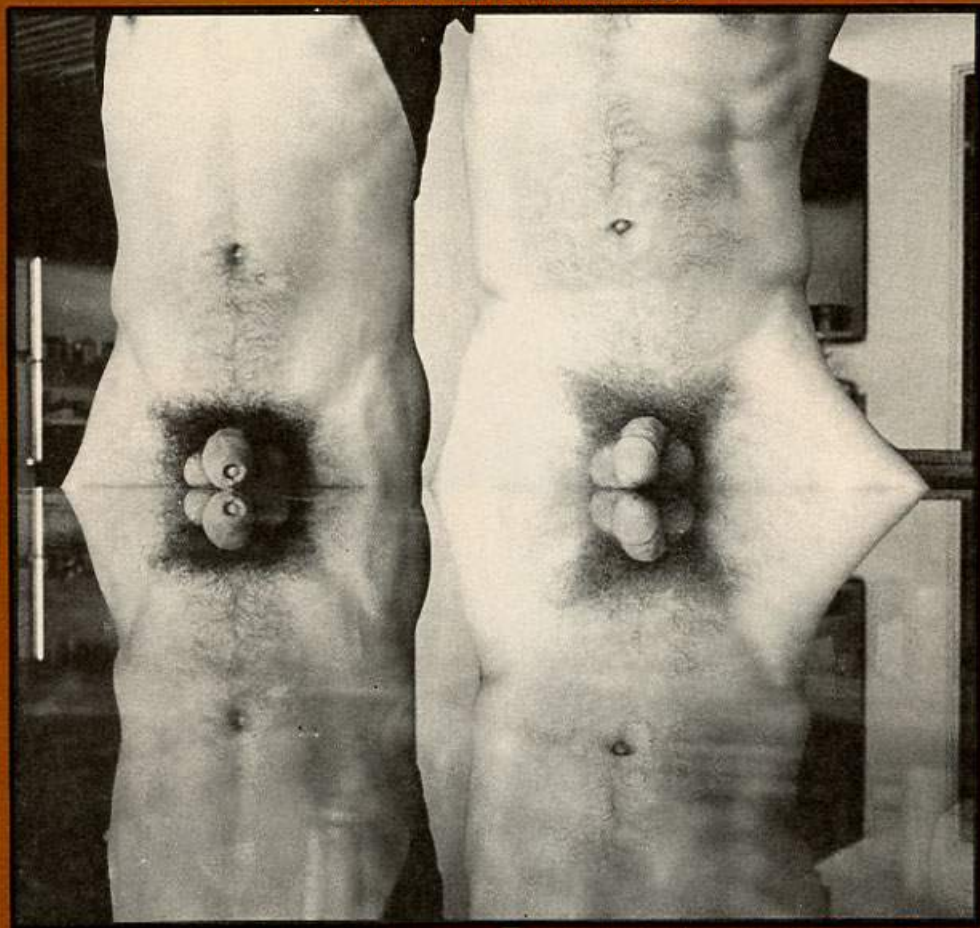


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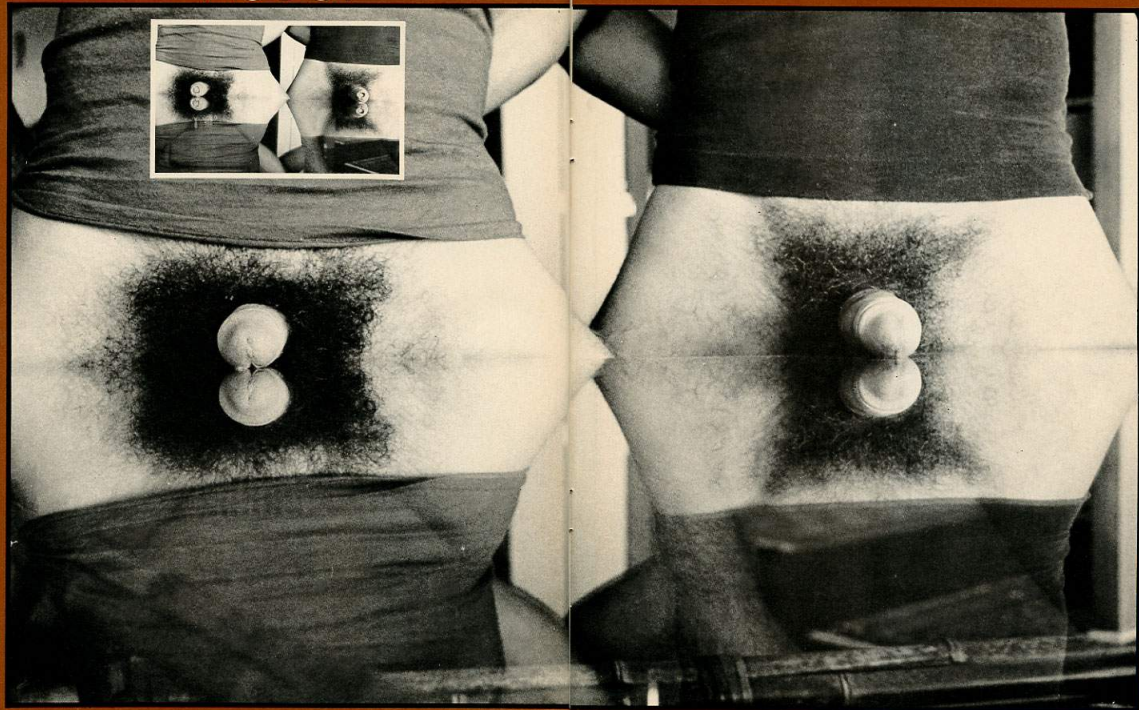
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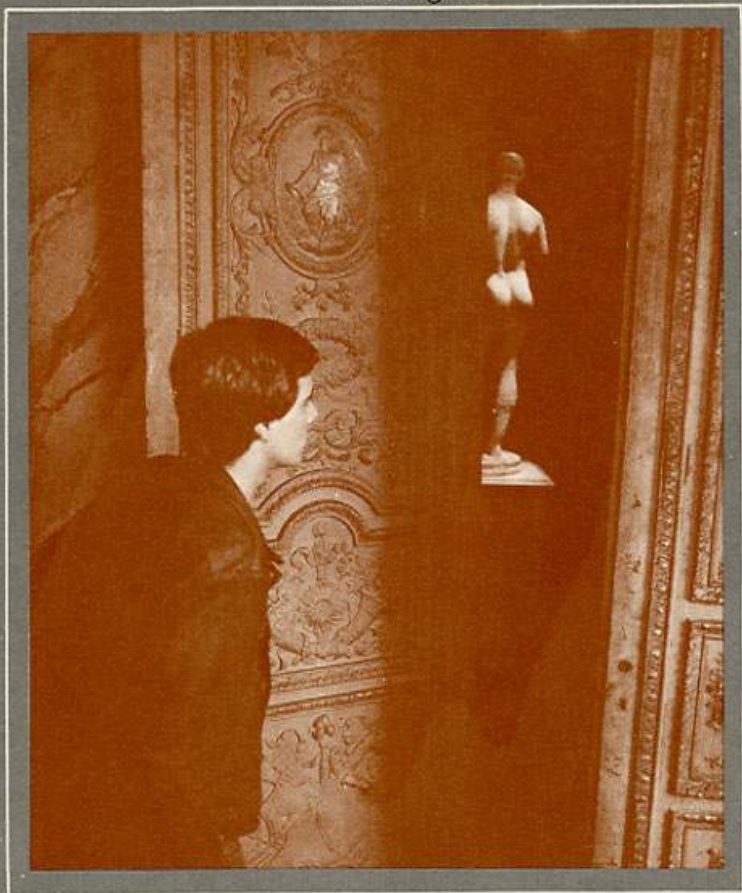
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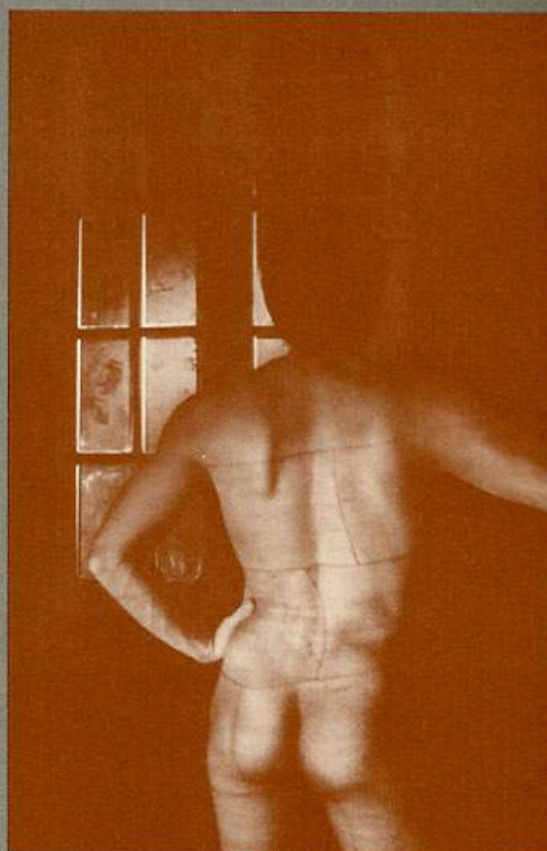
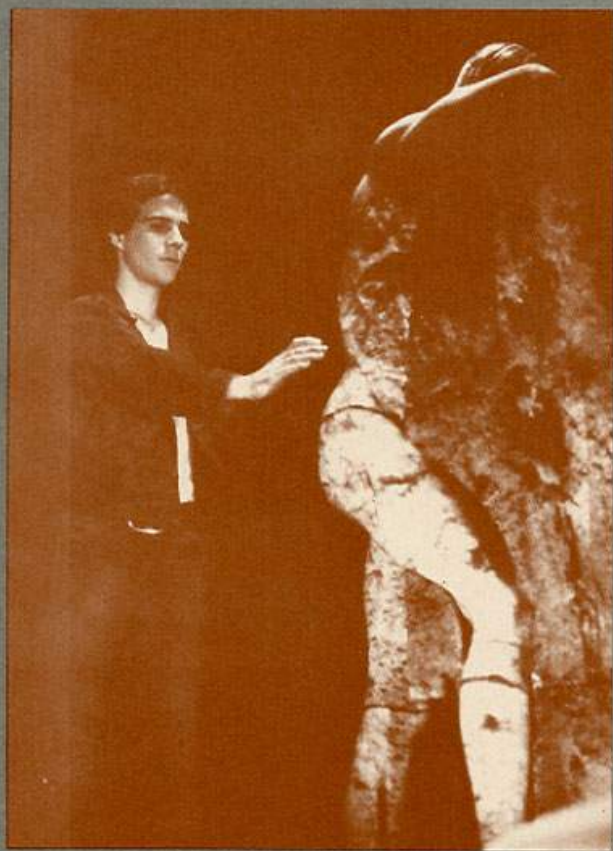
After touring a museum in the late afternoon,  
I find that I have been unexpectedly locked  
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Wandering into a room filled with ancient statuary,  
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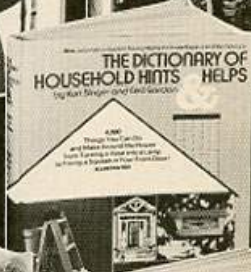
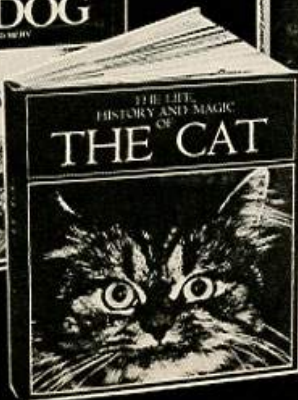
The next day (no one could ever explain it), yet another marble statue had appeared in the gallery.



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#### THE FACE ON THE DRESSING ROOM FLOOR

Later, when he would run and rerun this home movie in his head, he would stop to search these frames. He would study not only what he saw, but also what he thought he saw. His jaw had come unhinged when he stumbled in and found the body zig-zagged across the floor on the faded indoor-outdoor carpeting of the funky dressing room of the superstar. And in spite of what he had smoked and dropped a few hours earlier in the park, his first thought would come back to him and, for him, make sense: "Orpheus," by Jean Delville. *Illustration of the androgyne as supreme human type...all ringlets and swooning lips, served up on its jeweled lyre like a parody of John the Baptist on a plate...* Then came the image of the child's head swiveling front to back in *The Exorcist*. But this creature here was, the entire



# SUPERSTAR MURDER?

BY JOHN PAUL HUDSON and WARREN WEXLER

*Superstar Murder?*, from which this two-part condensation is adapted, is published by Insider Press (New York). Part II will appear in the Jan-Feb. issue of *Blueboy*.

length of her, sprawled half forward and half backward, twisted like a stick of licorice. Over one padded shoulder peered the face, propped against the leg of the dressing table, as if she had raised herself, alerted when he had knocked open the door, to see who had come first to find her dead.

He had actually knocked the door open, since no one had answered it. The door had given in to the pressure, opening far enough so that he could boldly peek in, then edge in, then glance ahead and down, see the body, assume she had fallen, take a couple of steps into the dressing room, and halt.

He had never seen death before. Outwardly, he became paralyzed, but the inner camera kept rolling, taking in color, forms, shadows, reflections:

Cascade of cherry red hair (her "official" hair color, that detail of the legend had not escaped him). Lavender satin short gown, slashed to the hip, now revealing a black net stockinged flank. The lush swirl of ostrich boa winding in and out over the legs and arms and torso like a jungle creeper, a loop of it framing the long white face. Plum red lips, violet hollows of shadow above the charcoal fronds of false lashes circling the surprised green eyes. The glitter of a beauty patch on her prominent jaw.

Between his own spread feet and her back as she seemed to shrink away from him lay her round dark glasses, each lens reflecting the overhead light. She had been wearing those pie-eyed glasses when she went out for the bows, putting them on in the dressing room after her last encore, wearing them during those minutes when she kept the stomping, wailing, begging mob at bay and in suspense over whether she would return one last time.

In the mirror above her dressing table he caught the oblique image of her most celebrated poster, the one adorning her latest album, in which she held an orb and sceptre. This reflection was framed by the lights outlining the mirror, lights that would seem in his replay to be blinking teeth encircling the yawn of mirror, one of them, maybe two, gone out, missing teeth in a great rectangular grin, devouring the poster, about to gulp it in.

His eyes fell again to the body. He shivered, started to move to his right to circle it, to get a look from another angle, when a movement suddenly rearranged the room, spoiled the focus, shattered the moment. A figure appeared in the rectangle mouth of the dressing table mirror, between the yawning choppers of bulbs, obliterating the poster.

"Oh, Jesus! Oh, God, Bess..."  
Black velvet turban and wrap-around eyes. Diamond choker and floating panels of black chiffon. A hand to the mouth. Red-tipped nails. Daggers, very like those of the still hand that seemed to clasp something, the fingers tapering to points polished red. Or bloodied.

Was there blood? Had there been any blood? When they had placed the body there for the take, they had forgotten the blood. Each time he reran this footage, from entering knock to the intrusion of the woman in black, he would cross-examine himself, trying to recall blood.

#### Reel One: SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

In the grand and overdone Rugoff suite on the 17th floor of the Sinfonia Hotel, Spot watched an afternoon newscast about the social events of that weekend on the Ultimate Island. Featured was the Bess Mittman concert at the baths.

"They're showing the lines outside," Roogie shrieked with excitement. He popped his cork when the imposing, cape-shrouded figure of his darkly handsome father strolled into camera range.

As the filmed interview about that evening's return engagement of the

**The still hand  
seemed to  
clasp something, the  
fingers tapering to  
points polished red.  
Or bloodied.**

now-fabled "Good Queen Bess" faded from the screen, the phone rang, and Brock Rugoff's voice boomed at Spot.

"We've had a little emergency. Big Bennie, Miss Hoyt, Bess's manager, has just had a fit over something my man Terry did down here. Bennie is very fussy about who gets near Bess, and we have to provide a backstage guard at all times. A special guard. Somebody I can trust. So uncle needs you, baby. Terry will be up to relieve you."

Spot felt too high on the stuff he had taken to make effective protest. Shortly then, Terry appeared in the elegant foyer. He was even taller than Spot, brawnier, brassier-blond and open-faced, with one eyelid that dropped at half mast.

"Hi, Sport," he twanged, thrusting out one big hand and with the other digging at his bulging basket. He was in a uniform that made him look like a Storm Trooper. "Say—yew are the end numba! I think I seen yew in the coffee shop. Cruised yew. Yew seen me?"

Terry and Roogie looked at each other, neither friendly nor unfriendly, and Roogie returned to the TV room, pouting because Spot was leaving.

Miffed at having to miss Bess Mittman's big show, Terry raged:

"Big Bennie the Ballbreaker, yew know her? Comes on like Dixie peach, but she's tough all the way. All I done was

take this fin from that creep reporter who's always nosing around down there, making notes. Yow say, 'Nice mornin', Mr. Balls, did yew git any last night?' and he makes a note, like yew've just recited the Declaration of Independence. Behind each other's backs Brock and him are 'bout as chummy as a rattler and a mom-goose, but Brock, he's afraid of a bad story, so we cater to this creep. So when he asks will I take this note back to Bess Mittman, I say, what the shit, why not? Big Bennie sees this an' yells for Rugoff to come over an' she makes this big deal of gettin' me fahred.

After venting his anger and betraying his humiliation at being dishonorably discharged from a job he obviously adored, husky Terry briefed Spot on his duties, handed him keys, singling out the one to the "fahr door," and offered a final word of instruction. "Tell Bess yew're Terry's fill-in, an' she'll feel secure. She knows me from back 'fore she was big tahn. Good luck, Spit."

Sportsplitspot had no idea when he descended to the world-renowned Cosmopolitan Baths how much he was going to need luck, and fuzzily was thinking how this assignment was just an extension of a day of child's play.

It might be fun, he crooned aloud to himself on the last little flight down from the peeling grandeur of the hotel lobby into what Beerbohm, the doctored old super of the building, called "The Inferno." Not very original, and not very apt. For one thing, it was wet...

#### Reel Two: MAGIC TIME

Elias Rook, Rugoff's vivacious master of ceremonies, ushered him toward the heart of this subterranean world—called The Cosmos—via a backstage corridor past Bess's dressing room. "No one," he solemnly warned, "goes in there unless he's on the list. This is the Law."

He ticked off many other laws as he led Spot down the hallway by two other dressing rooms—one occupied by Lionel Davidow, Bess's musical director, and one by the ordinary musicians—and past a door leading into Rugoff's private office. At the opposite end of this hallway from the fire door was the entrance into The Cosmos, and near it just to the right was what Elias said would be Spot's battle station during the show, a lighting booth.

"You can see everything out there through this wall," Elias told him, "It's mirrored on the other side, forming one panel of the stage backdrop. Best seat in the house."

Elias explained they were going out into the main room now to walk a stand-in (male) through Mittman's entrance route and opening business of taking off her big garden hat—to her temporary, then permanent, exits.

Down a few steps and there they were: the place. Spot was confronted by an

army of half-naked towed males, held back by a velvet rope. Spot tried to pay attention to all Elias was saying, but The Cosmos had him reeling. It was tropic, humid, bathed in paillettes of light flittering off the 40s ballroom globe suspended from the low ceiling... phosphorescent false flowers and vines vying for color dominance in the dim-lit, amber, red, blue and green-lit cavern. Everything leaped and shimmered. A mescaline Shangri-la beneath the surface of the city.

To the wild huzzahs of the towed crowd, the stand-in gyrated through a Bess performance, beginnings and endings of numbers he seemed to know by heart — as did the spectators. Just as he finished, Brock Rugoff parted the Red Sea of bodies and strode toward Elias and Spot and proclaimed with operatic flourish:

"The first limousine is here. Friends, this is it!"

Elias dragged Spot along to the backstage corridor to "give them their calls."

"Lionel, Mr. Davidow, half hour!"

Getting no answer, they moved on to Number One.

Spot heard raised voices within. Fragments of a donnybrook: "You were at it yesterday, too!" ... "Do we have to — just before a show?" ... "Bennie, you haven't anthered me, *ith th-ye* going to bring me out from the piano for final bowth or not?" ... "It's set, and when it's set, that's that!" ... "Are you people my friends, or are you working for Streisand?"

Elias knocked and called again. More yelling, subsiding into grumbling, then the door opened partially and a tall young man in white tie and tails backed out, leaving the door ajar.

"Bennie *ith furioth*," Lionel said with glee, bounding toward Dressing Room #2.

"Come in, Rook, a deep voice summoned from within the star dressing room. Elias squared his shoulders and went in.

"Miss Hoyt," he said, "the replacement is here. Do you want to give him the picture?"

Bennie smiled at Spot. "Honey (she pronounced it "hoe-knee"), we are entrusting ouah-seffs to you. Do you know the prota-cull? Hang in til she gits to the edge of the stage. Slug innobody who tries t' git close. Ah'll be theah t'move in between walk-off an' encores. You will come out t' fetch her back heah befoah fahnal bows."

She explained the post-encore programming in minute detail — all about Bess's quick dash into her dressing room for one wink of battery-recharging solitude — and wound up with a tirade against Rugoff. "We don't git a cut o' his gross, thanks t' the contrac' he made us sign when we needed this toilet. Thank God it's

the las' tahn. Y'all cain't affoward us no moe."

Elias said something about how he and Brock had dared hope Bess might return in the fall, to help initiate a satellite room to The Cosmos.

"Could we please *not* buy and sell meat when I am getting ready to bleed out there?" Bess cried out angrily from behind her dressing screen. "Jesus, all I ask is a little adult consideration. Fuck off, will you, Bennie?"

Elias jerked his head toward the corridor, and Spot vacated the doorway to let him pass by with Bennie, pulling the door shut behind them. Bennie rapped on Lionel's door, and he emerged, kangaroo-hopping toward the stage door.

"O.K., *peathanth*," he trumpeted, "here I come."

Bennie turned to Spot, her red lips smiling, her eyes not.

"Take good care o' ouah li'l gal, heah?"

**"I learned something from Barbra," the superstar said, "I had mine fixed." The crowd screamed its lungs out.**

O.K., Rook, this is ee-yet."

Just as the roar greeting Lionel had subsided, another rose in welcome from the crowd as Bennie's black slipper touched the top step. "It's the Dragon Lady!"

And Spot was left alone with the responsibility he had not sought, waiting outside the dressing room with the gilt star on the door. Its points multiplied as he stared.

This was his first major rush from the dope, just before she crept out of her dressing room, a tiny tentative thing not like a legend in her own time, but rather like a child who was not supposed to be still up.

"Spot?" her voice cracked. "Spot, neighbor, is you out here? I need guidance, sweetie. I can't see without my glasses, and we don't wear those til the encore. Now you know why we never give autographs, neighbor. Hey, give an old lady your big strong arm and show her down the alley? She got a big date with a bath."

He gallantly offered a forearm, and she held him tightly the few yards down to the stage door. Over her free arm she carried her ruffled, bangled and beaded train. Pressed against him, she felt satiny slick. She was stocky, far shorter than he, but solid and tightly knit, yet marked Fragile,

and he handled with care.

The chain undone, the moment he began to pull the door inward the screaming began. She began to tremble, then vibrate. By the time they were down the steps she was springing up and down as if there were jackhammers in the heels of her platform pumps.

The music swelled, lights danced, throats opened to the heart, and palms pounded in a cacophony of competitive submission. Disengaging from Spot at the lip of the stage, Bess shimmied, dropped her train, kicked it back with her heel, paused for the homage, then propelled herself with absolute authority toward the mike at stage center.

Bodies surged around Spot as he retreated to the sanctuary of the corridor. He bolted and chained the door, and his head spinning, let himself into the light booth.

Spot became for that time an enchanted fan. He had never seen such legerdemain on stage before. Nor, without dope, off.

She started with a rousing vaudeville opener and followed it with one-liners about her mother, a wrestler who had reared her only daughter to be a lady ("She wanted me to dance, but my career was cut short one morning when we were having breakfast and Mother dropped a six-pack on my instep!"), wicked asides about other singers ("I learned something from Barbra: I had mine fixed."); lapses of memory (planned); coarse, uninhibited banter with the crowd. All interspersed among exquisitely arranged songs/production numbers: a medley of 40s ballads climaxed by her schmaltzy "MGM hit," called "That's Something I'd Never Do," 50s rock, late 60s soul and mid-70s Reggae.

At the end of one ballad, after the crowd had screamed its lungs out, she told them, "Some spy who pretends to write, some vicious turd, said Bess never gives credit to her following, that she never acknowledges those who put her on her throne, her Gay Loyalists. But I swear by my mother's eyes I love you gay people, and I believe with all my big red valentine heart that your way is a good way and —"

A thunderous ovation drowned out the rest, and someone began the Gay Power response: "Give me a 'G'; give me an 'A'..."

The walk-off coming up, the break in the program where Spot was called into action to convoy Bess back to her dressing room for that breather. The Cosmos rocked with demands for her return, and return she did, incredibly refreshed, barely leaning on Spot as they went back out. She seemed surer of her footing with her shades on.

On stage she dumped confetti on her fans, camped and cut up seemingly out of control. In violation of Bennie's ex-

(Continued on page 95)

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## THE MAKING OF A MUSCLEMAN

(Continued from page 46)

is to look in a mirror. "Be honest," says Arnold. "Ask yourself 'How do I look?'" The next step could almost be called Zen bodybuilding. Arnold speaks of "want power." Somehow — and this is the Zen part, the "somehow" — you have to want a good body enough to get through hard workouts. "Just going through the motions is nowhere," Arnold cautions. "You must concentrate. That's how you know what muscles you're training. The goal is to visualize the future look of your body through what I think of as a 'third eye,' an imaginary eye that can see beyond the pain to the results. You start with a body inventory. What does a calf feel like? You've got to get your mind and your body in touch. Failure to do that is how some guys train for 15 years and get nowhere. At its simplest level it's like Plato's 'A sound mind in a sound body.'"

The difference, says Arnold, between a champion and a run-of-the-mill bodybuilder is the ability to put forth that extra effort. "The pain lets you know that the muscle is growing. Until it starts to hurt, nothing much is going on."

And then there is the famous pump. Oxygenated blood rushes into the muscles. The veins stand up. "It's like coming," Arnold says with a smile of satisfaction. "At least for me, the pleasure is the same. I spend my whole day coming. No wonder I'm happy. It's the ultimate feeling, resisting. The blood flows in great spurts into, for example, your biceps. And they expand a half inch to an inch. The more resistance, the more muscle being torn down, the more growth the next day. It's real satisfaction. Like a high. A pumping bicep is like having a hard-on."

Arnold likes to think of himself as a sculptor. His body is his work of art. "The eye is everything. You have to be able to look at yourself the way a sculptor looks at a statue in progress. Your own idea of beauty is reflected in your body. A half inch more here, a half inch less there. This is what counts. I wanted to look like Michaelangelo. Like Greek or Roman sculpture."

Many agree that what Arnold is doing is Art. With a capital "A." Last February, in New York City, Arnold appeared at The Whitney Museum in a live exhibition: *ARTICULATE MUSCLE/The body as art*. A panel of distinguished art historians said their pieces. Colin Eisler, professor of fine arts at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University drew a comparison between Michaelangelo carving a body out of a piece of marble and the body builder carving his own body. Much applause. When Eisler finally said bodybuilding "poses are the personification of 19th-century camp," he was booed. Someone shouted "Take your shirt off!" Someone else threw a cushion at him.

If Arnold is an artist of the body, he is no less an artist of the head. His specialty is the old psyche-out. Arnold tells his favorite stories of the triumph of the psyche-out with such charm and candor that you begin to find yourself thinking how right on he is. How practical. He is certainly no Boy Scout. "Franco Columbo is my best friend. But he could never win a competition against me. We always share a room. If I thought he had a chance, I would talk him into such a state that he'd lose." In 1970 Arnold was competing against Sergio Oliva. Both men were on the stage posing. Half the audience cheered for Arnold, half for Sergio. It could have gone either way. Arnold whispered to Sergio, "Let's leave the stage." Sergio started off. Arnold stayed

put and called after him "Sergio, don't give up." Arnold, need it be said, won.

Last year Arnold starred in Bob Rafelson's (he's the director who did *Five Easy Pieces*) *Stay Hungry*. The operation was a success but the patient died. In this case the movie was a bomb but Arnold Schwarzenegger got rave reviews. Arnold has retired from bodybuilding competition to concentrate on acting. As he sits in his Santa Monica living room and tells me "I want to be a good actor," I think of "want power" and I think of a 10 year old who wanted to be someone special and I think of Arnold Schwarzenegger lifting a couple of tons of iron every week for 10 years and I have no doubt at all that if Arnold wants to be a good actor then so he will be.

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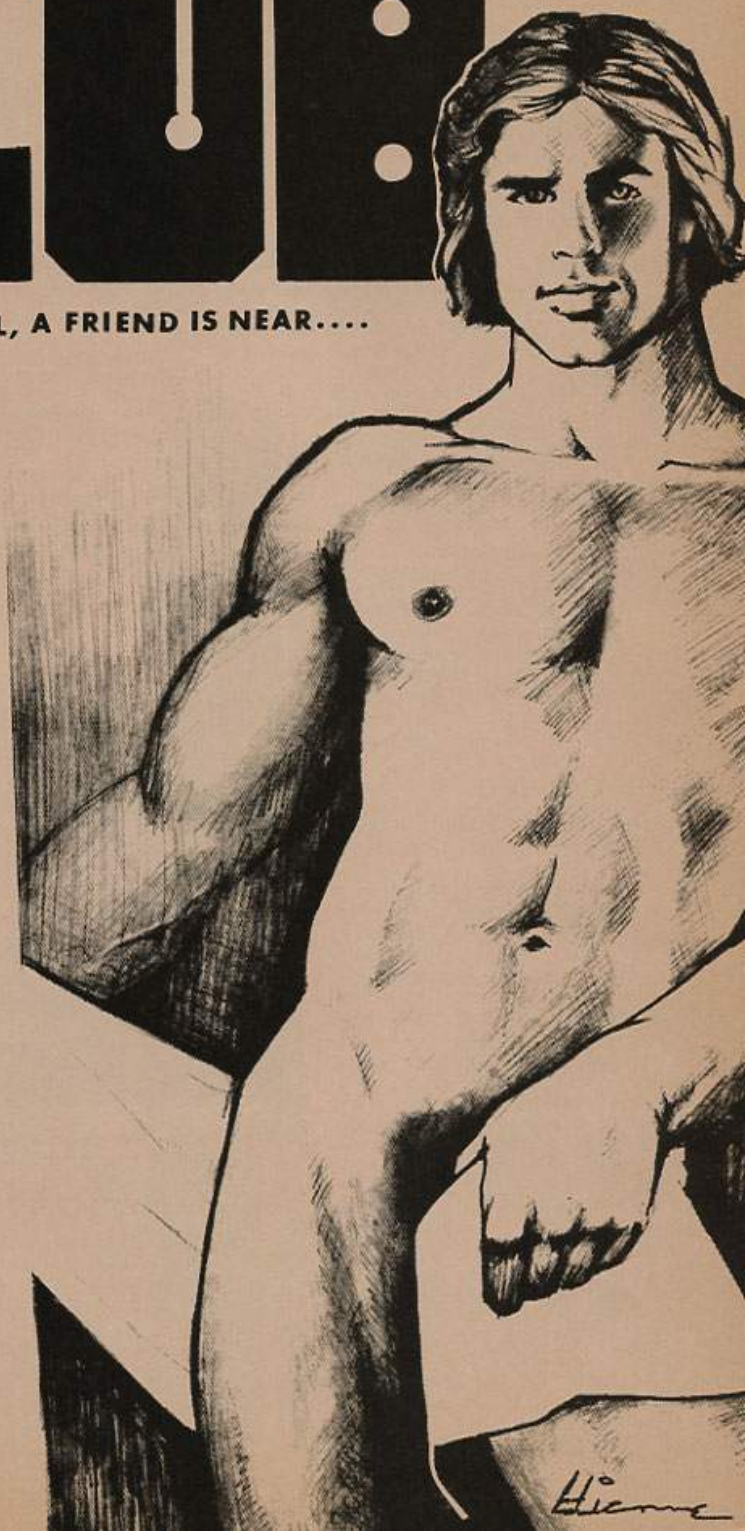
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*Henne*

## GAYS AND THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 12)

condition, homosexuality was not more to be deplored than left-handedness.

• The National Council of Churches resolved (in 1973) to act on civil rights "without discrimination as to affectional or sexual preference," the most weighty of several ecclesiastical resolutions.

• The Episcopal Bishop of New York, Paul Moore, presented his Diocese with a resolution of support for homosexuals, but more importantly, he entered the political arena by supporting the much-publicized Intro. 2, a bill before the New York City Council — for years — calling for an end to discrimination because of sexual preference.

Intro. 2 highlights the oppressive hold the church still maintains over homosexuals. While changing times have made the bill's provocativeness all but anachronistic in a city such as New York, the religious taboo has stuck, in no small part due to the concentration of Roman Catholics and Jews in the metropolitan area. The Catholic hierarchy, led by Cardinal Cooke, has been most stalwart.

Historically, the Roman Church has probably stood most firmly in opposition to homosexuals — and to abortion, the pill, divorce, and other issues of social progress — and young Catholics, like our letter-writer, have born the burden. Until now.

San Diego, 1969. Dignity, the Catholic Gay Caucus, was founded. It now has chapters in about 50 cities in North America, and counterparts in Australia, England and Sweden. One of the founders is a Jesuit scholar, John McNeill, whose study of "moral theology," *The Church and the Homosexual*, has just been published.

Based on the belief that gay men and women can be at once devoted to a lover and to the Church, McNeill's book is a breakthrough in that he chose to gain the approval of his superiors before going ahead with publication. At least one 28 year-old Catholic will surely read the study, which includes the thesis that gay persons make extraordinary — not merely equal — contributions to society.

Atlanta, 1946. A young priest founded the Eucharistic Catholic Church, a gay church outside the Roman obedience, which ministered to Catholics throughout the South during the 50's and 60's.

New York, 1970. Moved by the events surrounding the Stonewall riots, Father Robert Clement, a priest of the Polish National Catholic discipline, founded The Church of the Beloved Disciple, a gay congregation rooted in ancient liturgy. In 1974 "Father Bob" was consecrated Bishop, the first openly gay priest so elevated. Today, 300 people gather weekly for the 6th century Gallican rite celebrated at Disciple's Greenwich Village home.

Ironically, what is now a "Cathedral

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Church" (because a Bishop presides) was intended as an "orgy palace" using a chapel as a "front," until authorities caught on, removed the owners, and made way for Bishop Clement. No one feels an infraction of the Spirit of the place.

"This is a liberated, open, free Catholicism, not at all like the Church of a young man's upbringing," insists the Bishop, who, with his lover of 16 years (Father John) oversees St. John's Seminary as well as Disciple. The gay seminary is accredited by three New York seminaries, and offers a program of two to five years which culminates in a Masters degree. It is unique.

"Holy Union" is unique also, and both Disciple and the Metropolitan Community Churches have made headlines by performing such ceremonies over the past five years. "This is not like the traditional heterosexual marriage," explains Bishop Clement. "Actually, the straight ceremony is in many ways debasing. Ours sets people free to love; it doesn't bind them."

"We're interested in the depths of love and in the religious attitudes of the couple, not in a travesty wedding. Love is valid with or without the ceremony. Those undertaking Holy Union are merely seeking a sacramental element in their relationship, just as coming on Sunday provides gay Catholics with an affirmation of strength."

"Affirmation of strength." Is this the reason, this simply, why so many gay women and men are "coming out" before their congregations — bearing witness, as it were, of a personhood hitherto hidden from the church? Of course, it has been hidden as well from family, from employers, from students. Coming back to the Church may provide one kind of affirmation, but there are surely others, and this is probably why the stability of a religious faith is linked so fundamentally to political involvement and to the social life of the individual.

Dr. C.A. Tripp, in his highly-praised study *The Homosexual Matrix*, suggests the place of religion in the total life of the homosexual:

"Having an obsessional interest does not always bolster a person's ego. But what it does do — often impressively for the homosexual — is to define a person's bailiwick. . . give his ship a certain gyroscopic directionality, no matter how rough the seas. Undoubtedly, this is why religious conversion tends to hold a person together. . . A focal interest safeguards the ego by compartmentalizing it, much as a warship that cannot be sunk by bombing and flooding only a few of its compartments."

Troy Perry agrees, and adds: "Gay people have been told for so long that they are different; nobody wants to be *that* different!"

"Gay people have grown up to be 'one of those people my mother warned me

## SUPERSTAR MURDER?

about," explains Rev. Robert Herrick, liaison for the churches at the National Gay Task Force headquarters in New York. "But they've also grown up in the Judeo-Christian tradition, and the church provides yet another setting to meet people of a certain commonality."

This suggests another important aspect of the church for gays as well as for straights: society. The church picnic, the social hour, the auxiliary, even the communion rail, provide a place to meet for the gay person who just doesn't take to the bars or the back-rooms. Not that the gay churchmen make judgments on other forms of the gay lifestyle — as might straight churchmen on the permissive elements of their society.

"Gay people have too often come away from the church with judgmental attitudes," insists Rev. Herrick, "and we shouldn't be in the business of pontificating."

"Ministry needs to be done in an affirmative, caring way. So long as society treats gay people as it does, they will have few options of meeting and caring for one another. Rather than denigrating the ways the gay church-goer chooses to socialize, it's a stronger ministry to help him examine his life to find the most supportive options — in relationships and sexuality."

"It is not the church's job to condemn, but rather to build a society which does not treat gays in a condemning way."

It is a summer's night in New York, mellow. In a beautiful, old Fifth Avenue church 50 men and women are gathered, singing an ancient hymn — "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" — before an immense painting depicting the Ascension. These are Episcopalians, members of Integrity, their gay caucus.

The guest celebrant is a Cannon from New York's Cathedral Church, St. John the Divine. He could be straight or gay; he is Black. In his brief sermon he recalls his church's historic stands on issues such as alcohol, women's suffrage, child abuse, the Civil War, race, and he exhorts the congregation to become involved in political activity. All listen attentively. Then, they begin again, singing, sweetly but strongly.

The dominant impression here is normalcy: a congregation much like any other, gathered in search of a God, or a focus, or perhaps even a friend. The mood is relaxed. If gay persons can gather here comfortably, they can gather anywhere, and this may be the most important message gay churchmen have to impart.

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pressed restrictions, she also paused to give a rare autograph.

After a final encore, Bess acknowledged Lionel, who sang "Beth," a number that emphasized his lisp ("Beth, you *ith* my woman now..."). As cheers for him resounded, Bess caught him from behind at the piano bench, grabbing his crotch. Lionel turned red.

Then, moments later, Spot found himself escorting Bess backstage again, somehow getting through the crush with Bennie helping, then taking charge. She shouted to Spot, "Anybody who's crossed off that list does not get through," and shoved Bess into Dressing Room #1. As Lionel dashed in, she hauled him with her and shut them all in together.

With the hounds baying on the other side of the door, Spot secured the chain and waited for whatever show biz insanity was to happen next.

It was less than 45 minutes later that he found the corpse. But he could never be too sure, as that's when he had gone into his blurry period. Thus, nearly everything preceding his entering the star dressing room and finding the body was less than crystal clear in his memory.

During the first five minutes of respite, before the visiting stars and sycophants had begun to pay individual court, Bennie, Lionel and Bess had remained closeted together, raging at each other simultaneously. Only one person, a musician, had come to the star dressing room, to return the foot-long hatpins Bess had handed him on stage. Then eventually Bennie had come out, told Spot to "Open the gate," and the deluge had rolled in.

Suplicants whose names were not on his clipboard besieged him between admissions of authorized visitors. Once he forgot to secure the chain. When an attractive young man who gave the name Guido insisted he was on the list and a pushy celebrity did likewise, Spot decided to ask Bess herself. He made for the star dressing room, forgetting — again — to chain the security door.

That is when he had come upon the body.

Someone had chained the door, though, Benita Hoyt, surely, because it was she minutes later who appeared next to him in the rectangular jaw of the mirror with the incandescent teeth, gasping:

"Oh, Jesus! Oh, God, Bess...!"

"Get Brock!" she commanded, when she had recovered from the sight. Spot began to plead with her as he retreated:

"I can't get mixed up in this. This isn't my problem. Please, don't let the police know I found her."

Fumbling with the chain, he fought his way, dazed, through a high tide of bodies, and groped his way through The Cos-

mos. In the madhouse of frolic, pot, poppers, sex and the recorded voice of Bess Mittman over a heavy disco beat, he finally found Rugoff enthroned in his peacock chair, quaffing champagne with columnists.

Spot dragged the resisting Rugoff away, into the backstage corridor. When they reached the star dressing room, Spot banged on the door. No response.

Lionel's door opened, and Bennie peered out like a nosy neighbor pretending to have been awakened.

"Here he is," Spot said, catching his breath.

She looked at Spot as if to say, "So what am I supposed to do with him?" Brock was snarling at Spot for having dared pull a host away from his guests, on a fool's errand.

"Tell him!"

"Tell him what?" Bennie asked. They both glared daggers, if not laser beams, at Spot.

"Open that door, Brock," Spot whispered, pointing to the sanctum of the superstar. "There's a body in there."

Brock and Bennie exchanged a look that said, "Humor him, he may bite." Brock reached inside his brocade jacket, unhooked a set of keys, and threw the ring at Spot.

"You open the door," Brock ordered, his eyes fixed on Spot's hand, which shook like that of a junkie on withdrawal as he inserted the key.

The body was gone.

The face on the dressing room floor had faded away. Someone had pulled a vanishing act. And that's what he himself would try again and again to do in the next hours and days — to vanish from this low budget production he had gotten into on his way through the lot like a hoosier on a tour bus. Yet he could not get away in fact or in fancy.

He would run and rerun the footage, especially of this empty dressing room. Why? To look for clues? Would they have left any clues that he would be able to find when they — she, he or it — had done such a nifty job of editing out the corpse?

He knew he should flee now, take that return ticket to St. Thomas Brock had given him as security, and never set foot in this place again. But if he did he would never know the truth. He would never know why this Dragon Lady was lying or What Happened to Good Queen Bess Her Last Night at the Cosmopolitan Baths...

BLUEBOY invites its readers to answer these questions by submitting their own solution to SUPERSTAR MURDER? Remember, more clues will follow in Part II. Winning entries will be published in our regular MAILMAN column.

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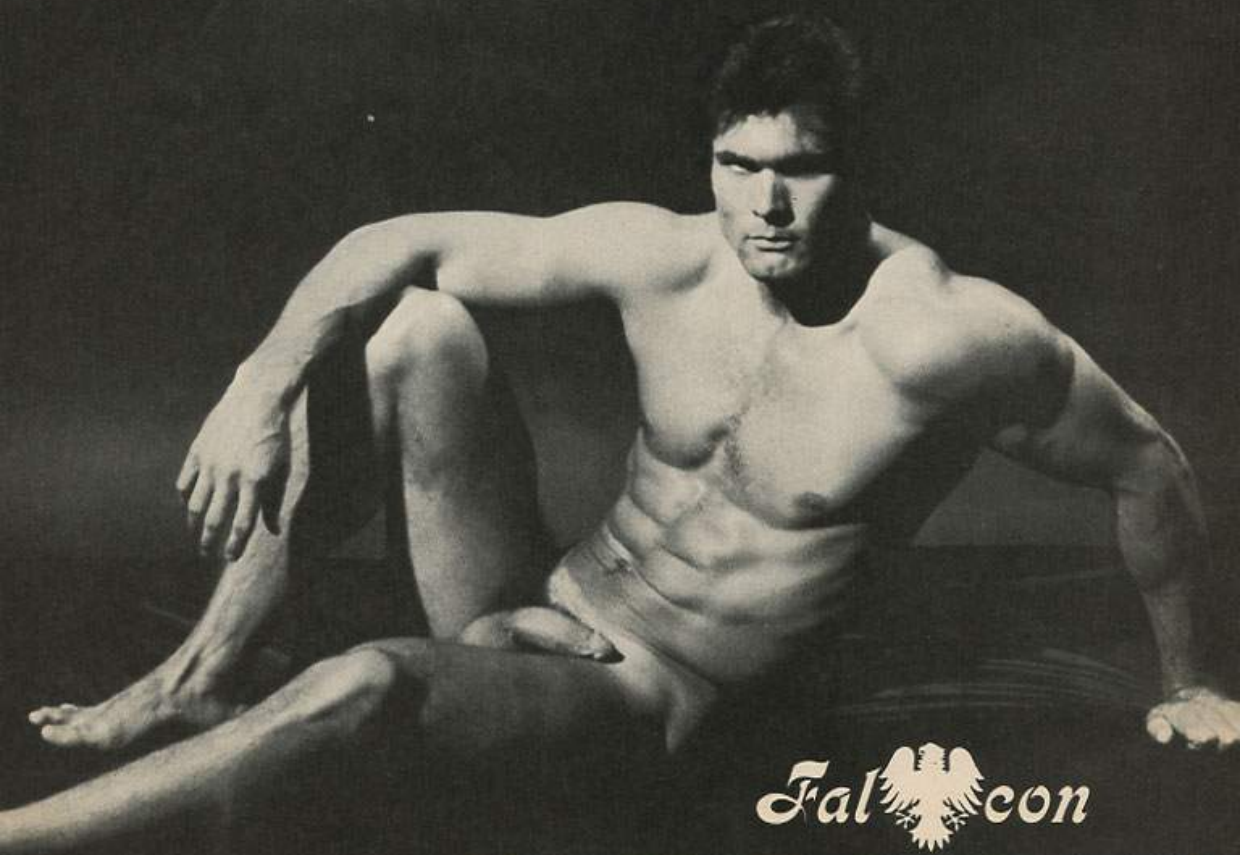
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session, plenty of trainees shared that they disliked being called names. When one person openly shared, it served as a catalyst to others. (Sharing is voluntary. Trainees are not forced to share).

Then: "During this training you're going to feel insulted, intimidated, frightened, nauseous, faint, unwillingness to continue, enraged, humiliated, even as if you were in hell."

"Life works on a set of rules, and you don't have to believe them," another est axiom. "Just look at them. Gravity doesn't give a shit whether you believe in it or not," said Stewart, dropping a chair to the floor.

The boredom is excruciating. There is no place in the training to hide from yourself. Being bored with people and situations is some people's act, their "racket," for evading contact with others and for "validating their own wonderfulness."

The boredom, however, is no accident, as one of the est trainers clearly pointed out. Est is "set up so their (the trainees') experience of hostility... of boredom... of intrusion... plus all the ways they have of protecting themselves comes up. I don't think there's anybody who does not 'get,' finally, the repetitiveness of their behavior. Because that's what's driving them all crazy. They keep on doing the same crap over and over again." As the training goes on, the purpose behind those ridiculous rules ("agreements") becomes clearer. In est, we cannot escape ourselves by any of the usual routes we take under stress — smoking, eating, a coffee break, the bathroom. We're forced to confront our patterns, both good and bad. "You people are tubes! In one end and out the other, you let that run your lives! Who runs your life — you or your body?"

By Saturday evening most everyone had headaches and other pains. We then learned to "process out" a headache in seconds by focusing intently on the exact location and exact sensation, visualizing its shape, color, texture, and volume. It works. The pain does disappear. Sickness, we were told, is a decision we make. We do it to ourselves. We unwittingly choose the illness ourselves. In est you take the responsibility for the illnesses. "You run your body, your body doesn't run you."

Every condition in the body is determined by the nervous system. When one suffers a headache, for example, est claims one does not experience the headache. According to est, we experience "past pictures" in our mind of the headache. We give our condition a conceptual name, like a "headache," a "cold" — with all the past memories the mind conjures up — that serves only to strengthen the condition. However, est

says by experiencing the headache, it disappears.

"Werner has observed," said the trainer, "that unconsciousness in the mind manifests as unconsciousness in the body. Tiredness, aches, pains, stiffness, postures, etc., all drain consciousness and limit a person's ability to experience and to express his or her total aliveness."

Werner Erhard himself on that subject:

"The truth puts people to sleep. It goes right to the unconscious in them, and most people are unconscious. For the truth to get to the truth that is in people, it has to get through the unconsciousness. So if you can make them uncomfortable in their unconsciousness, enough just to make people aware they are unconscious, then you have a better chance of letting some truth strike the truth in them."

**"If you  
stand in the rain,  
you get  
wet whether  
you understand  
water or not."**

This next segment of the training was valuable for me. "Most attempts at self change, as most people understand the term, normally lead to the persistence of any problem rather than its elimination. The proper response to a problem is not 'efforting' in an attempt to overcome, or to master the difficulty. Efforting never works. Rather, one has to 'live through' the problem by deliberately observing oneself having it. One has to 'experience it out.' If you observe or witness anything long enough and objectively enough the thing will disappear."

This "self-witnessing" technique was mind-boggling. In myself, I noted when someone in the training got up to "share," I immediately made a snap judgement on how they dressed, how they wore their hair, or how their voices sounded. These judgements, these opinions were not only worthless, but quite likely inaccurate. Est training has been invaluable for me in this regard — in making judgements — and in making people wrong. Instead of making people wrong, est says, give them the room, "the space," to be whomever they are. "Most of us are busy trying to make the rest of the world wrong all the time," shouted the trainer.

On that Sunday night, we also got est's point of view and definition of love: "To accept people the way they are and the way they are not, which means giving them the space to be the way they are and the way they are not."

After a 16-hour day of what psychologists have described as "disruptive patterning" (that must precede any transformation of consciousness) we were free to leave.

#### SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

By Sunday morning, defenses had visibly disappeared. Trainees began "sharing" the deepest intimacies, the most primal pains, before 250 strangers. Many cried, some got nauseous and vomited. All vomiters were given was a bag, just a bag.

There was no longer any place to hide. We can never blame others for running our lives. We are no longer victims. We have begun to take the first steps to cleaning up our lives. We have taken the responsibility. We have started to perceive ourselves as being the cause instead of the effect.

"Responsibility is not fault, praise, blame, shame or guilt. All these include judgements and evaluations of good and bad, right and wrong, or better or worse. They are not responsibility as they are all beyond a simple acknowledgement that you are cause in your own experience."

As the trainer effectively put it, "When you are responsible, you find out that you didn't just happen to be lying there on the tracks when the 5:05 came through. You were the asshole who put yourself down in that place."

According to est, the average person foolishly permits himself to be maneuvered by outside circumstances, rather than assuming responsibility for himself and acting in his own behalf. Furthermore, most people do not enjoy any significant degree of "aliveness" because they are content to remain at levels of existence where they neither experience nor participate in life to any meaningful extent. Many people avoid life by finding various ways of "going unconscious."

A number of trainees got up to "share" that they were plagued by habits of going unconscious. Some while driving a car, some while chewing bubble gum, some just by falling asleep at odd times during the day.

#### THAT SECOND WEEKEND

Where could we possibly go from there? Far. That second Saturday opened at a fever pitch. We had the same trainer. Some sessions, on that second weekend, have different trainers. Upon entering the room, our trainer, Stewart Esposito, received the sort of applause usually



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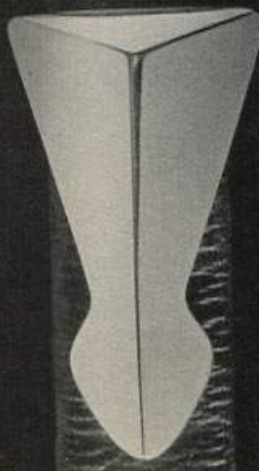
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The first few hours were spent in reviewing "what's been going on" the past week, more "sharing," more revival-meeting testimony. For some, miraculous changes had taken place. Others were depressed; others, weren't "getting it." "This is a rip off!" one man shouted. But overall, the reactions were favorable. Confrontations with partners, bosses. Explosive new insights. Incredible increases of energy. Significantly more aliveness, more awareness. Less fatigue.

A young man seated in the front shared that he'd been trying all week without success, to change something in his life. "Trying doesn't work!" shrieked Stewart. He summoned a trainee named Mark to the stage for a demonstration, placing a book on the floor. "Okay, try to pick it up," Mark lifted it. Stewart dropped it back on the floor. "Now, try to pick it up." The same action was repeated three or four times. Finally, Mark got it. We all got it. He is either picking up, or not picking the book up. *Trying* is a belief, a concept that does not exist in experience, and is employed for self-defeat.

The trainer delivered the est point of view on the nature of reality and why most people fail to adjust their lives to "what's so." "People's lives don't work because they stubbornly cling to their private, untested conceptions of reality, refusing to recognize what the universe is telling them with each instance of personal failure or miscalculation."

The est system makes it almost impossible to continue living with lies. Not because of ethics — Erhard is unconcerned with a belief system called right and wrong — but simply because "lies don't work."

In one of the more memorable processes on this day, we were told to concentrate on one particular thing that persistently kept us unhappy. This process evoked crescendos of harsh weeping, agonized shouts and guttural grunts as dozens of trainees completely broke down, turning the Sutton Hotel's ballroom into almost unbearable bedlam. We were then coached on how, under "directed meditation," to recall from memory all the actions and emotions associated with that chosen item until we ultimately reached the cause of it; whereupon, like the pains we'd processed out, the afflictions would disappear. This technique is not new. It is used in Gestalt and Primal therapies and Scientology.

The final point on that day, after hours and hours of endless sharing, interminable questions, excruciating boredom: "There is no objective reality, only reality by agreement, which is illusion. The sole reality is the experience which you — I, one — create."

### THE LAST DAY

85 percent of the training happens on this last day. We spend approximately 50 hours working through our problems and figuring out our "act" — all to shake loose what one trainee called "mental barnacles." Interspersed among the shaking loose are many carefully positioned, special est punchline surprises, to jolt us into new "awareness." Fear of having these punchlines leaked is what, understandably, makes est publicity-shy.

Delivering one of the significant punchlines on that last day, the trainer said, "I'll tell you everything there is to know about life. What is it and what ain't it." That, in essence, is the whole est story. While being interviewed by the *San Francisco Chronicle* at the controls of an airplane, Werner made the following analogy on what he means by "what is."

"You see, flying is very clear," he says. "It allows you to be clear about life. The way things are does not care about you. People protest that they feel bad about that. They're pissed off. But all these things are inappropriate."

"You can't bitch about life any more than you can bitch about your automobile, or this thunderhead (referring to clouds in the distance). It either is or it ain't."

(One of Werner Erhard's aphorisms: "If you stand in the rain, you get wet whether you understand water or not.")

On that final day, there is a fascinating harangue that lasts about ten hours called *The Anatomy Of The Mind*. The mind, according to Werner Erhard, is a linear arrangement of multisensory records of sequential moments of now. The purpose of the mind, according to est, is survival of the being or anything the being considers itself to be. "Ego is the functioning of the mind when the being considers itself to be its own mind." "The being disappears when it considers itself to be its own mind. Ego is the survival effort by the mind. The total purpose of the ego is to secure agreement." That is, "the mind's job is to make you right and everyone else wrong."

### I GOT IT, BUT I'M NOT SPREADING IT AROUND

I have not become an est evangelist. I don't go around broadcasting or recruiting for Werner Erhard. I don't recommend the est training for everyone, est is not — the trainer is quick to inform the moment training begins — a belief system, but it does have in common with Western religions its sense of service, its sense of mission, its definition of "being" and "experiencing." In Werner Erhard's words "the heart of est is spiritual, really. That's all there is, there isn't anything but spirituality, which is just another word for God." Amen. I do think est is another religion. My mother would be pleased.

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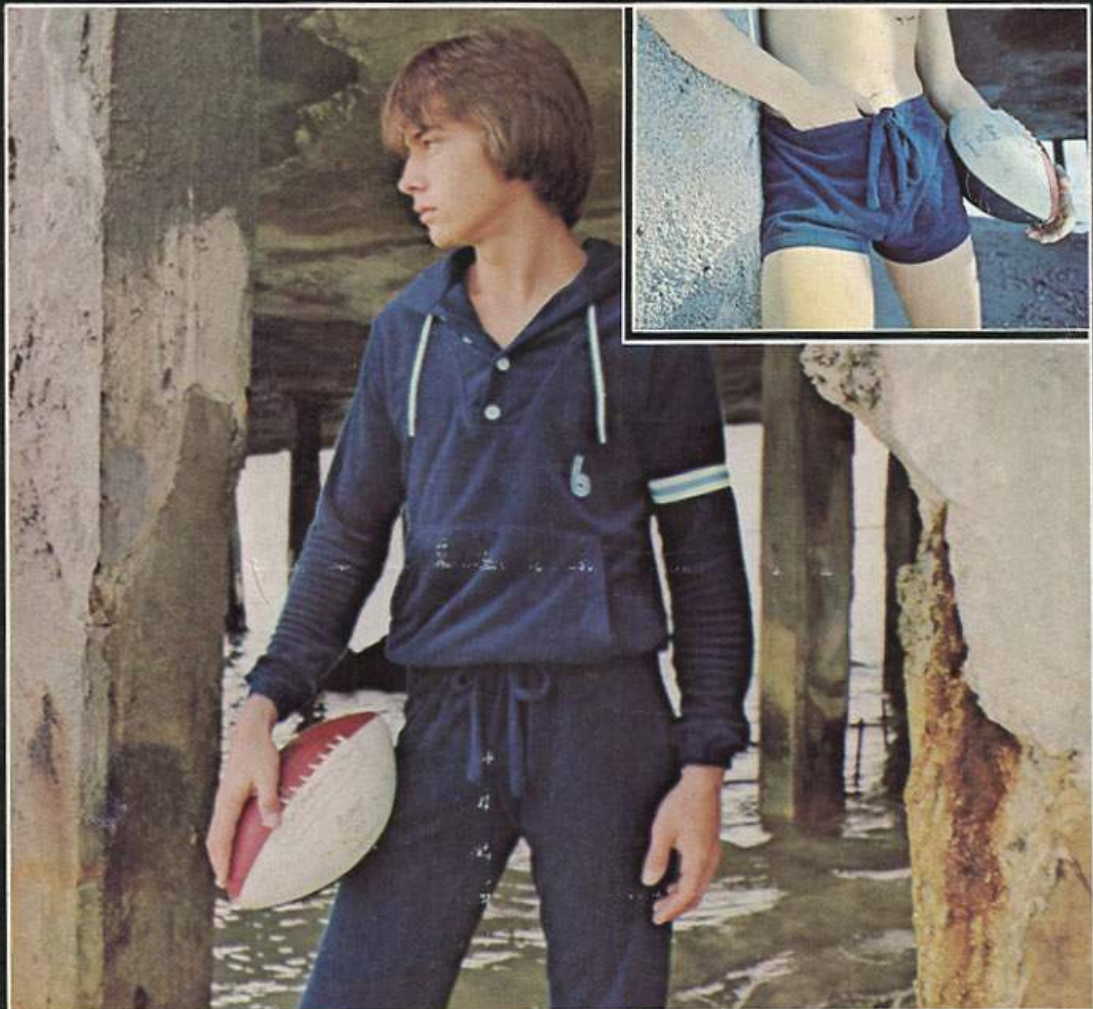
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